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A FAIR ALSATIAN.

(From the painting by Joseph Lieck.)
(From *Black and White*.)

The Dominion Illustrated.

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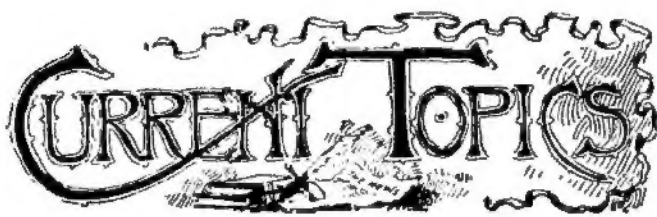
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21st NOVEMBER, 1891.



Quakerism.

It is, we think, not generally known that the quaint and faintly-understood creed of the Quakers, whose adherents had been gradually diminishing in numbers, has of late years seen a revival in its membership. Few of those who profess other faiths will regret to hear this; to many it will be welcome. The wild fanaticism which at times broke out among the early Friends, became prominent solely as standing out in marked contrast to the quiet and reserved life so characteristic of their belief; at the time it was most pronounced equally violent were the actions of many men prominent in religious leadership, whose even greater excesses attracted but little attention. The peaceful life of Quakerism, modified somewhat from the possibly too hard and colourless surroundings of its earlier days, has of late years had no little attraction for the wearied struggler, jaded and unnerved from the crash and bustle of nineteenth century life; and it would be a matter of little surprise if the haven the Society of Friends offers to men of the more contemplative and spiritual school of religious thought was hereafter taken advantage of by many. Of recent years, the increasing interest in the sect has been shown by the frequent use of Quakers and their life in fiction; many of the most charming short stories in the American magazines having their groundwork in the placid Quaker homes. A recent article in the *Edinburgh Review* gives some interesting facts and figures of the present position of the Society; pointing out, in its sketch, the peculiar position it occupied in the religious world during the last two centuries, and the effect such isolation has had on its position up to a comparatively recent date. The minimum appears to have been touched about fifteen years ago, since when there has been a slow but steady increase in membership. To this satisfactory result, Quaker schools have greatly helped, owing to the attractive and progressive methods employed by the masters; many boys from families outside the Society have been sent to them for tuition, and

the combination of quietness and forbearance shown by the teachers has proved singularly winning. In the early days of Upper Canada the Friends formed a fair share of the scattered population; it would be of interest to trace the fortunes of the sect, and to note if their present position corresponds with that of the parent society.

The Laurier Banquet.

To the leader of HER MAJESTY'S loyal Opposition, the surroundings of the great banquet tendered him in Boston must surely have been distasteful in the fact of the lack of any emblems of his nationality. It shows that the organizers of the demonstration were either grossly careless or densely ignorant of the first principles of international manners. To invite one of the most prominent men in Canada to a public dinner, and, while displaying much bunting, to deliberately omit the Canadian flag, shows a singular lack of courtesy. The chief officers of the smallest village in the Canadian backwoods could teach such people a lesson. Fancy a Canadian or British city inviting a prominent foreigner to a public banquet and surrounding him with Union Jacks and other flags, but omitting *in toto* the national emblem of the guest! People who commit a solecism like that have everything to learn in questions of good manners. The profuse display of the tricolour may possibly have been intended as a compliment to the distant Gallic descent of the chief guest; to his forefathers of a century and a half ago the flag of France (*not* the tricolour) was doubtless of interest, but to the average Canadian of to-day it should be—and is, to the great majority—of as little concern as that of Russia would be. The absence of any reference or toast to the Sovereign, whose subject the HON. MR. LAURIER is, was also conspicuous; but this is an occurrence less to be expected, although it has always been customary. The proposal of the health of the Queen at an international gathering in the States, and that of the President at similar affairs in Canada, is but a matter of courtesy; it is in most cases the echoing of a hollow sentiment. It is not at all likely that the average American is sincere in wishing long life to the Queen of Great Britain, and certainly Canadians do not care two straws about the gentleman elected every three years by the *finesse* and strategy of one or other political organization in the United States. We all know the compliment is to the nation, not to the person; but of late the offering has become so one-sided that it is a question whether we would not only be more truthful but more dignified in letting the habit fall into disuse.

A New Serial Story.

In next week's issue we begin a story of remarkable power and interest entitled, "Alone on a Wide, Wide Sea." It is written by W. Clark Russell, the most brilliant and successful writer of sea tales now living.

Our Christmas Number.

To avoid any misunderstanding we beg to notify our subscribers that the Christmas number is an extra one, and is sent only when specially ordered. The price is fifty cents, and we would recommend that early orders be placed.

Literary and Personal Notes.

The Hon. A. J. Balfour has just been elected Chancellor of Edinburgh University. * * *

The first complete translation of Edgar Allan Poe's works into Italian has just been published. It is accompanied by a critical biographical essay and a general bibliography. * * *

A new monthly magazine will be issued next week in London. Its name will be *The Victorian Magazine*; its object, to supply high class literature, with a certain amount of illustration. * * *

"*El Artista*," the high class Mexican monthly, which ceased publication a few years ago, has been revived, under the management of Mr. L. E. Gibbon. It is a folio journal of thirty-two pages, well illustrated and printed. * * *

Mr. Henry Harrison, M.P., writes to the *London Times*, stating a genuine and authentic biography of the late Mr. Parnell is being prepared under the superintendence of those with whom the deceased statesman was most intimate. * * *

Another copy of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's first work, "The Battle of Marathon," has turned up, making the third known to exist. As written by a girl scarcely fourteen years of age, it is a marvel of rich thought and happy choice of language. * * *

A short time ago Mr. E. W. Thompson, of Toronto, one of the prize story writers of the *Youth's Companion*, was taken on the permanent editorial staff of that periodical, and now Mr. W. N. Harben, another favourite writer, has been given a position. * * *

A few days ago a memorial bust of Matthew Arnold was unveiled in Westminster Abbey by Lord Coleridge before a very large gathering of distinguished people. An eloquent eulogy of the deceased, referring to his many distinguished qualities was delivered on the occasion. * * *

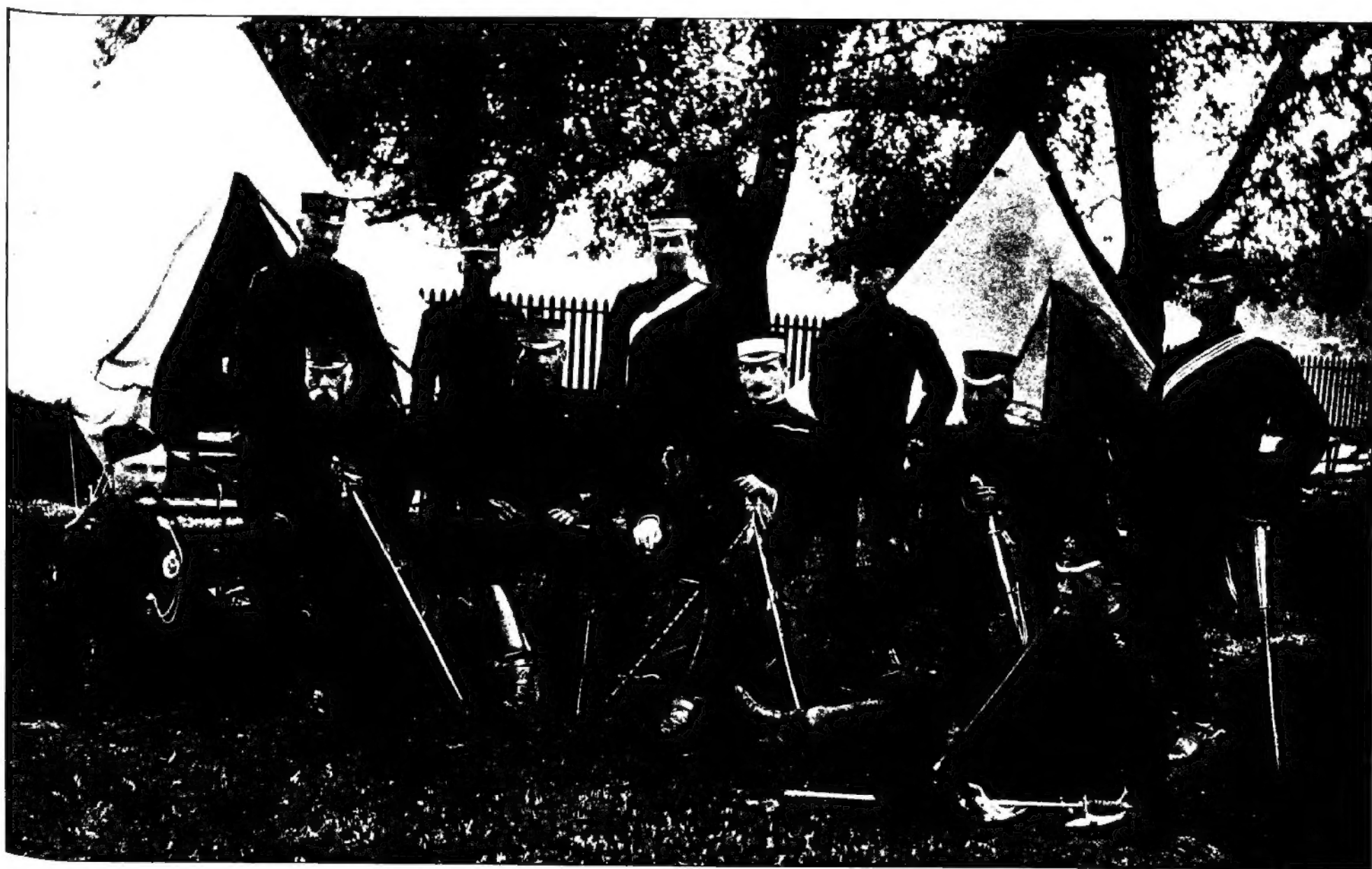
The November issue of *The American Bookmaker* gives an excellent portrait and biographical sketch of Mr. W. A. Shepard, manager of the *Mail Job Printing Co.*, of Toronto, formerly editor and manager of the *Belleville Intelligencer*. Mr. Shepard has just been elected president of the United Typotheta of America. * * *

A large paper edition of Bancroft's "History of the United States" is announced by Appleton. It is to be issued in six volumes, and will be limited to one hundred numbered copies. The same firm is preparing an edition de luxe (limited to 500 copies, numbered), of Jules Breton's "Life of an Artist." The work is to be printed on large paper with uncut edges, and will contain a portrait and twenty full-page reproductions of Breton's most important paintings. * * *

The habit of calling successful Canadians abroad "Americans" still continues in spite of the protests that have been made against the habit. Both English and American journals are culpable in this matter, the former through ignorance, the latter through unscrupulousness. The *Illustrated London News* recently referred to Sara Jeanette Duncan, (now Mrs. Coates) as an American, while much of the English newspaper comment on the Canadian Football team now touring in Britain is erroneous in a similar direction. Let it be distinctly understood that Canadians wish to be known and spoken of as such, and not as "Americans." * * *

A directory of living writers is in preparation in Boston, the editor of which is William H. Hills, of the *Boston Globe*, editor also of the "Writer" and the "Author." In this directory for the first time will be gathered the names of living Canadian writers in all the Provinces of the Dominion. The requisites are that the person whose name is given shall have written a book proper to literature within ten years, or a magazine article within five years.

Mr. Hills has also in preparation a Biographical Dictionary of Authors, in which at the suggestion and by the aid of the Rev. Arthur Wentworth Eaton, of New York, himself a native of Canada, all the authors of Canada are to appear. This is the first time our authors as a body have received such recognition.—*Quebec Chronicle*.



Capt. Mutton, Q.O.R. Major McLaren, 13th Batt. Lt.-Col. Alger. Major Vidal, I.S.C. Capt. Streatfield, A.D.C. Capt. Leslie, 12th Batt. Lt.-Col. Gray, B.M. Surgeon-Major McClean, 3rd Batt. Lt.-Col. Otter, D.A.G. Major-General Herbert. Capt. MacDougall, I.S.C.

BRIGADE STAFF AT NIAGARA CAMP, OCT., 1891.

(Murray & Son, photo.)

OUR ENGRAVINGS.

NELSON AT THE BATTLE OFF ST. VINCENT, FEBRUARY 14, 1797.

This engraving is of the critical moment in the action off Cape St. Vincent; Nelson's ship, *The Captain*, after engaging the *Santissima Trinidad*, four-decker of 136 guns, being in the heat of the action disabled by losing her top-mast, the wheel shot away, together with sails, shrouds, and ropes, it was feared she would drop astern; Nelson ordered her to be run into the starboard quarter of the *San Nicolas*, and gave orders to board. A soldier broke the upper gallery window, and jumped in, followed by the Commodore himself and the band of devoted followers, who were always eager to shield, with their own bodies, the person of the heroic Nelson; when, as constantly happened, he placed his life in deadly peril. The devotion of these faithful tars saved the life of their adored chief on several recorded occasions.—*Graphic*.

BRIGADE STAFF AT NIAGARA CAMP.

The camp of 2nd Military District, held at Niagara 6th to 17th October, was a fairly successful one, and resulted in a very marked improvement in the drill and discipline of the several corps. The strength was small, about 1700 in all; this was partially due to the lateness of the season, a blunder for which the civilian, not the military, authorities were to blame. By some stupidity our legislators, so mismanaged militia arrangements this year that all camps of instruction were necessarily held at a very unseasonable time of the year. Our engraving is of Major-General Herbert—who inspected the camp—and the Brigade Staff, all and each of whom ably fulfilled their duties.

ST. JAMES METHODIST CHURCH.

In our issue of 28th March last we gave views of the front and of the interior of this noble structure. The former gave no idea of the depth of the building; in this issue

we show a view taken from opposite the rear corner of the church, which will convey an idea of its unusually massive appearance. For the history of the church and congregation we refer our readers to the above-mentioned number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

Fruit Culture in Australia.

A Greek gardener lately expressed the opinion that oranges, figs, olives and grapes grown in Australia are inferior to those grown at Smyrna and Athens. This having been brought to the attention of the Department of Agriculture, New South Wales, letters were addressed to the British consuls at Naples and Marseilles, asking for a consignment of the best varieties of grapes, figs and olives grown in Italy and France. On receipt of these cuttings, experiments are to be carried out at the most suitable of the experimental stations about to be established throughout the colony, with a view to the propagation of the finest varieties of the respective fruits. With the same object in view application has been made to Mr. T. Hardy, of South Australia, for a number of cuttings of various vines he has cultivated, and to Sir Daniel Davenport, of Beaumont, South Australia, for cuttings of the olive and fig trees grown by him. The whole of these cuttings will go to form the standard collections of all the different kinds of fruit which it is intended to establish at each of the experimental stations.—*Nature*.

"High-Toned" Journalism.

Writing under the above heading to the *St. James' Gazette*, a correspondent says:—The new journalism of this country seems to be yet behind the older New Journalism of the United States in the exercise of that keen "journalistic instinct" which is the glory of the New Journalism in both countries. A "high-toned" American magazine publishes

the report of an interesting talk with "one of the oldest special correspondents now at work in America," a representative of one of the greatest of New York journals; and it tells us with pride, that "At Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show he was placed next the Prince and Princess of Wales and their party, and was able to hear all their conversation without their taking notice of his presence." "Such a life as his," it is added—alluding perhaps to the chance of his discovery by an equestrian who had his riding-whip with him—"is not without adventure." Has the English New Journalism a representative to match this gentleman—one of the oldest special correspondents now at work in America—in the true "journalistic instinct"?

American Farmers Fifty Years Behind.

"American farmers," writes Mr. William Bear in his weekly farming notes, "are often ignorantly held up as models for farmers in England. Except in relation to the use of machinery, however, the general knowledge of crop culture in America is fifty years behind that prevailing in Great Britain. Questions settled a generation ago in this country are discussed as of novel interest in the United States, and forage crops familiar to our forefathers are subjects of experimental growth by our American cousins. Again, the advantages of using artificial manures, long in use among our farmers, are gravely discussed in the United States. It is still found necessary to demonstrate the value of superphosphate on the other side of the Atlantic, and even the great efficiency of nitrate of soda is only partially known there. Moreover, the proper time of applying the nitrate is still unsettled, as shown by recent experiments at the Indiana trial station, where most of the manure was applied in the autumn, a wasteful practice long discredited here, as half the manure is often carried away by the rains of winter when it is sown before the spring."



DOCK CHAUTAUQUA, ON THE SHORE OF LAKE CHAUTAUQUA.

CHAUTAUQUA.

Who has not heard of Chautauqua? That great literary centre whose influence, perhaps, permeates the entire globe. Certain it is that among all degrees of literary culture, from that of the university man down to the graduate of the simplest village school, the Chautauqua "circles" claim their devotees. They have found entrance even through the dense walls of our prisons and penitentiaries, and many darkened hearts whose weary existence hitherto knew no hope, no interest, now bless the name of the inaugurator of the movement, good Bishop Vincent, as, in the pages of their histories, they study the progress of the world, and thus lose sight of their own darkened past and despairing present.

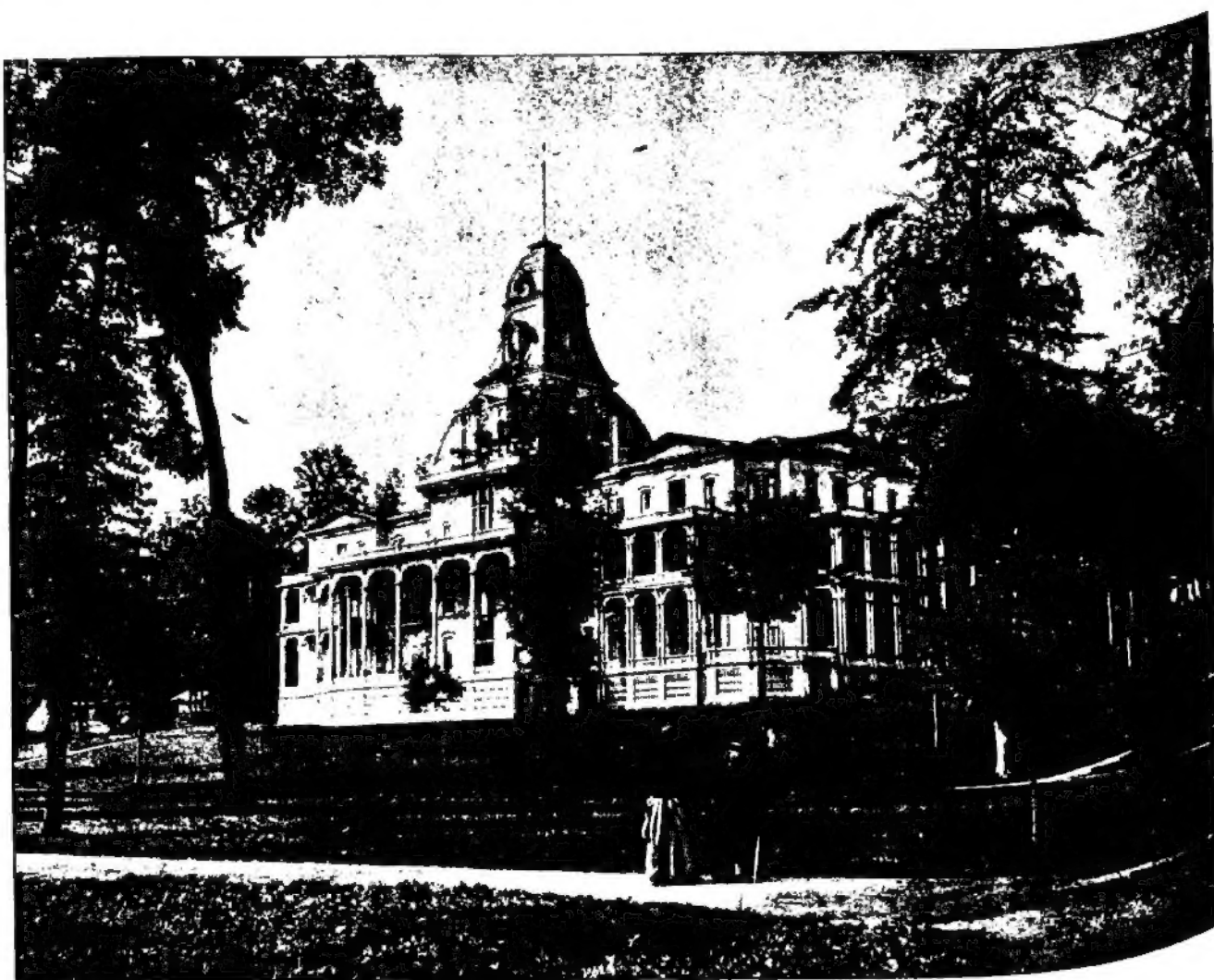
Yet this great literary centre, this beehive of intellectual activity, is comprised in some fifty acres of New York soil, situated on a ten mile strip between Lakes Erie and Chautauqua, the latter being 700 feet above the level of Lake Erie. The Assembly Grounds are three-quarters of a mile long by one-quarter broad, and enclosed by a high fence, beyond which, for ingress or egress, one may not pass without permission, procurable only by presentation of a Chautauqua ticket.

Taking the steamer at Mayville, on the shore of Lake Chautauqua, we cross to the summer city, landing at "the dock," a tasteful wooden structure gleaming white across the waters; and having purchased our tickets, in delighted wonderment we pick our way over the miniature Palestine, said to be a perfect representation of the Holy Land. It is laid out on a scale of two feet to a mile for horizontal distances, and 380 for vertical measure, with the various towns and villages represented in plans on plaster mounds.

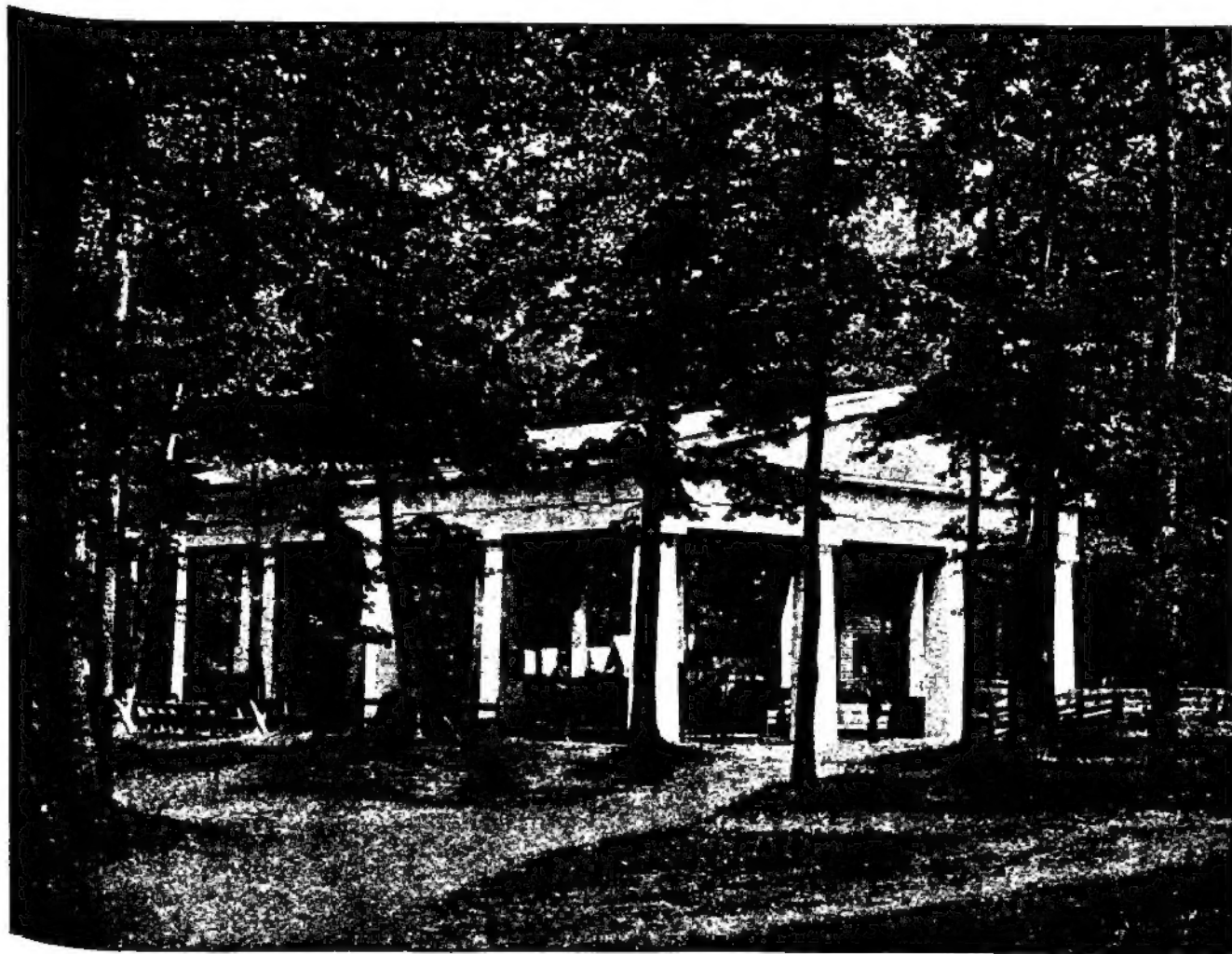
Leaving the main road at "Beersheba" we follow the valley of the Jordan to the city of "Dan," threading our way among the bible students, who, with open maps in hand, attentively study the plan beneath their feet. Taking a seat for a moment, perchance in the grateful shade of Mount Hermon, we plan a future examination of the ingenious model which, in all probability, we never get a chance to

execute, owing to the continuous succession of prayer meetings, club meetings, "round table" discussions, concerts and

lectures, each, in its way, a literary treat, from the moment of opening our eyes in the tiny, sweet-smelling bed rooms of the cottages, roused by the cry of the newsboys—"Chautauqua Assembly Daily Herald!"—to the close of the busy day, when, with lights out and windows open to the quiet sky, we woo the fresh straw ticks and smile ourselves to



HOTEL CHAUTAUQUA.



HALL OF PHILOSOPHY, CHAUTAUQUA.

sleep, soothed by the lullaby of the good old curfew. Hark, how majestic the music of the great bells in the Chautauqua evening hymn:—

"Day is dying in the west,
Heaven is touching earth with rest.
Come and worship while the night
Sets her evening lamps alight
Through all the sky.
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God most High!
Heaven and earth are full of Thee,
Heaven and earth are praising Thee,
O Lord most High!"

Or the ever solemn, ever sweet strain, equally appropriate in joy and sorrow:

"Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

But besides the literary and musical entertainments already alluded to, which are open to every visitor, the various summer schools of music, elocution, physical culture, dress reform, photography, cooking, and Christian sciences prove very fascinating to young and old alike. The superficial observer can form no conception of the value and thoroughness of the work done in these brief summer schools. Take, for instance, that department of the School of Physical Education under the charge of Mrs. Coleman E. Bishop, whose lithic, light form and easy grace give ample testimonial to the efficacy of the Delsarte system, of which she is a leading exponent. In the daily exercises of this class the nervous system is so trained and developed that an amount of lightness and grace never before dreamed of is acquired by the delighted student, and it is claimed that the dignity of the body gives dignity to the mental and moral nature, just as truly as the lofty mind and pure heart, when not counteracted by self-consciousness, find a natural expression in dignified carriage. The system is a revelation to those nervous persons who, with well developed muscles, keep such tension upon them when not in use that their vital force is uselessly squandered. It teaches how to conserve vital energy; how to avoid wasteful nerve tension; so that the student works better, rests better, and also, by the physical exercise of certain nerves, gains more brilliancy and activity of mind.

Nor are the other schools less profitable, less interesting. The voice of the declaimer, the notes of the singer, the tones of the organ are heard on all hands; and Professor Charles Ehrmann and his troop of amateur photographers, armed with cameras, excite the envy of those who have not been fortunate enough to secure his instructions.

While wandering through the model of Palestine, bible and bible maps in hand, through the groves with aprons full of specimens, everywhere with note-book and pencil and

thoughtful faces, the students vindicate the C.L.S.C. motto: "We study the Word and the works of God."

ANNIE CRAWFORD.

OUT WEST, IV.



OTHERHOOD in the West is as charming as it is in the East. The Canadian Occident yields not the palm to the lands of the Orient in the quaintness and beauty of its pictures and poems of domestic life. On a beautiful summer day we wandered among the lodges of the dwellers in the wilderness in search of health and knowledge. The buffalo skin lodges were richly painted and scalp locks hung adown their sides. Indian child-life sported freely upon the green sward of the prairie, heedless of any danger, and dogs innumerable of every breed and colour howled and growled at the pale-faced intruders into the privacy of their domain. The dodging of heads and the peering of eyes through the holes in the lodges made a welcome visit somewhat uncomfortable, but there is no royal road to learning, so we must go the way of all the earth in gaining wisdom even in an Indian camp. We might have chosen prettier spots, but we could not have found any more interesting. Upon the ground outside of a beautifully painted buffalo-skin lodge, decorated by the hand of the queen mother of the lodge, sat a young woman, a long way distant from sweet sixteen, nursing a tender babe snugly ensconced within a neatly embroidered moss-bag. With the becoming modesty of the Indian woman she hung her head as we passed by, and yet we could not help noticing the mother's smile upon her countenance, while upon ours might have been noticed a tinge of pity for the condition in bondage of one so young. It was a chubby babe with a fair countenance, and we could not help admiring the papoose and secretly encouraging the pride which dwelt in the young mother's heart. She was busily plying her needle, embroidering a pair of moccasins, apparently for her lord, judging from the size of them and from their shape. Not being desirous of intruding, we journeyed on until we reached the lodge of *Strangling Wolf*, an old friend; and after the usual salutations, we glanced around the lodge to secure a seat free from the curling smoke, which hung low, owing to the holes in the lodge, and from experience we cared not to try the experiment of standing up longer than our eyes could bear the pain of the smoke. Our talk resumed the wonted strain, narrating the news of the day, and then falling back upon the wonderful days of yore, so full of the romantic deeds of the brave ancestors of the red men. While thus beguiling the time, a faint cry

was emitted from a tiny bundle near at hand, and a young woman with a rueful countenance turned around to wait upon her babe. We had known her as a young woman of a lively disposition, and were unable to account for the sudden change in her deportment; but we were not long left in mystery, for as we watched her tending her charge a smile flitted over our faces when a second parcel moved and emitted a sound similar to the first. Ah! here was the secret of the sad countenance. An evil spirit had befallen them in the shape of twins. What evil genius was presiding over their camp, or why should the gods thus send sorrow upon them. Boys? No! Worse than that, a thousandfold worse than twin boys. Twins! Girls! The father morosely gazed upon the tiny strangers who were unwelcome guests in that home, and not a merry heart was there in that lodge. Fain would we have lingered, but beating a hasty retreat, we repaired homeward, musing by the way on the strange customs which prevail amongst different peoples of the earth. In a thoughtful mood we wandered, gathering the prairie flowers which grew in our path, when, upon raising our eyes, we beheld a native woman of less than thirty years homeward plodding her weary way with her babe strapped upon her shoulders, as her hands were fully occupied carrying two pails overflowing with water from the swift-flowing river. Poor drudge! and is there no help for her in this life and no hope? Trudging along she murmured not, and yet she was a victim of premature old age. An aged woman at less than thirty years. It was she who had painted the scenes on the outside of the buffalo-skin lodge, so skillfully done that the pale-face stood in admiration listening to the interpretation of this book of history, which told the story of the heroism of her lord and master. Is it ever thus:

"Man's work is from sun to sun,
But woman's work is never done!"

Festal songs fell upon our ears, and we turned toward the lodge from whence they proceeded, to learn that young men and old were making merry over a victory, while the mothers sat around the camp dressing hides, cooking food and smoking their tiny pipes. These were not the peace pipes or the medicine pipes of the men, but the small pipes usually owned by the women. The children gathered near, and the urchins generally took the pipes from their mother's hands, delighted to take a whiff or two and then to resume their sport. And such is life! The dull, monotonous beating of the Medicine Man's drum awakened us from the reverie into which we had fallen when gazing upon the scenes of the camp, and we slowly wended our way toward the lodge of sorrow. A frail woman sat nursing a sick child, and sad and careworn was that gentle face of the native woman. Her mother's heart beat for her darling in his sickness and she mourned because he rallied not. Oftentimes had the pale-faced ladies asked solemnly and sincerely, "Do the Indian mothers love their children?" Behold for answer the tears trickling adown that mother's face. Soon, alas! too soon, the little form will be wrapt up in its blanket robe and laid to rest in the crotch of a tree, mourned by the sad woman who sits in the lodge.

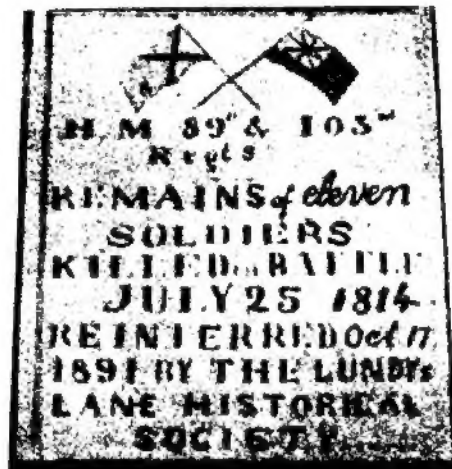
The sun was fast sinking as we hastened homeward, anxious to cross the turbulent stream before darkness had quite fallen upon us, but we suddenly ceased our rapid pace to listen to the Indian woman's coronach as it floated upon the evening air. A poor woman paced to and fro singing a sad, wailing song, in which we could detect the name of her offspring, and the pathetic words, "Come back! Come back to me!" Slowly we approached to add our sympathy, and there stood none other than our loved friend *Apanakas*. With hair unkempt and cut short, bereft of her clean native dress, clothed in an old, dirty garment, and without any covering for head or feet she stood for a moment and then slowly paced to and fro, uttering the sad wail for her lost child. Her sole garment reached a little below the knee, and we saw with grief the clotted blood upon her legs. Responsive to the customs of her people, her legs had been cut with a knife and the blood as it trickled down was allowed to remain. Her left hand she held transfixed, and then we saw that one of the fingers had been cut off by the first joint. Within the palm of the hand was placed a piece of wood to keep the fingers in position, and some wood ashes had been sprinkled over the bloody member. Unwashed, shunned, and in deep sorrow, *Apanakas* sought the place where her dead child had been laid, and sang the Indian coronach. With saddened hearts we sought repose that night, grateful that our lot had been cast in a brighter part of our fair Dominion.

Moosejaw, Assa.

JOHN MCLEAN.

A HOLY TASK.

THE RE-INTERMENT CEREMONIES AT LUNDY'S LANE, 17TH OCTOBER, 1891.



INSCRIPTION ON THE COFFIN.
(John England, photo.)



PERHAPS no more unique or touching duty was ever laid upon an association than that which fell to the lot of the Lundy's Lane Historical Society the other day, in the re-interment in consecrated ground of soldiers who fell on the field of battle and were then hastily buried 'at dead of night' by their comrades.

The field of Lundy's Lane where, on the 25th July, 1814, the bloodiest fight of the war of 1812-15 was fought, is a wide hill, up the slope of which runs the road that has for a century given its name to the locality. Seventy-seven years ago it was girt with apple and cherry orchards, some of which still remain, and out of the ancient boles, still standing and bearing fruitful branches, have been taken bullets and pieces of bayonet. On the highest point at that date stood a little wooden Presbyterian church, painted red, and, as Captain Cruikshank says in his *Battle of Lundy's Lane*: "On the right of the church lay a small enclosure, in which a few weather-beaten wooden slabs and rude brown headstones, with sometimes a rude inscription roughly carved upon them by the village blacksmith's chisel, but more often nameless, marked the graves of the fathers of the settlement." Already "brave young Cecil Bisshop" had been laid at rest within the humble graveyard, after the daring feat at Black Rock which cost him his life.

But the 25th of July was to fill it with unnumbered dead. The whole hill was the battle-field, the whole hill became a grave-yard. Nor were the dead laid at rest singly, or with ceremony; trench after trench was dug, here, there, as space could be found; and where the light sandy soil was the easiest moved, there the burial trenches were thickest. And when all was done, friend and foe lying side by side in a peaceful sleep to wait the judgment of the Lord of Hosts, when the kind arms of mother earth could clasp no more, numbers lay unburied under the hot July atmosphere, and then a solemn funeral pyre threw its heavy pall of blackness over the sad cremation that reduced them all "ashes to ashes and dust to dust," and once more the torn and trampled hill was left to its wonted solitude.

A solitude whose silence should yet again be broken by the tread of military men marching in sad, slow cadence, and the rattle of the muskets of the firing party, for here lie not only Hemphill, lieutenant in the 1st Royal Scots, and young Captain Abram Hull, of the 9th United States Infantry, friend and foe, "in one red burial blent," each of whom fell on the field of Lundy's Lane, but here were brought Patterson, Torrens and Gordon, young and brave officers who, falling in other engagements of that war, were reverently carried hither. Here also lie in humble graves many a veteran and many a veteran's wife, loyal to the heart's core, giving not only their life, but their

life's hard work towards laying the foundations, broad and deep, of the country they loved and have left to their children unsullied by spot or stain of dishonour.

And here lies Laura Secord, that other hero of the war, whose patriotism, unsoothed by prospect of reward, unstimulated by turr of drum, or community of numbers, carried her all alone through the swamp and the virgin forest to warn the little post at De Cew's, where Fitzgibbon held the key that else would have been wrested from even his nervous grasp, and the whole west been laid open to the enemy.

And yet the bounds of Lundy's Lane Cemetery, enlarged as it has been from time to time, and carefully guarded by loyal and reverent hands as it now is, covered not all the slain of that fierce July day. For seventy-seven years there had lain at rest eleven men of the 89th and 103rd regiments, one of them supposed to be an officer, either Captain Spooner or Lieutenant Latham, both of the 89th, who fell in this engagement. But at length, on September 3rd, 1891, their bones were laid open to the light by the pick and spade of the labourer. A sand pit of large dimensions had been worked for some time north of the little Presbyterian church, now become a handsome red brick building, and here the poor remains were found. Bones, a portion of an officer's coat, consisting of the lower part of the back, and flaps of the swallow-tail (regulation pattern), of which the scarlet had become tan-colour, but the lace retaining some of its original bright threads of silver and gold, several buttons stamped 89 and 103, a piece of a shako, pieces of belt with the buckles, a port-fire and a knife make up the tale of relics recovered. Indifferent hands had scattered them, but the news soon reached the ears of the Lundy's Lane Historical Society, which at once took the matter up. Procuring the legal right to interfere, the relics were collected, the human remains were reverently confined and placed in proper keeping and the ceremony of re-interment decided on.

The time of the annual military camp at Niagara being close at hand, Gen. Herbert was requested to allow a detachment of troops to attend at the re-interment, so as to give the dead heroes the honours due to them as soldiers of their country. To the request Gen. Herbert willingly consented, and the date of the ceremony was placed accordingly for the last day of the camp, Saturday, 17th October.

With much consideration and in full sympathy with the occasion, Samuel Patten, Esq., Reeve of the township, issued the following proclamation:

"Saturday, October 17th, 1891, at 1.30 o'clock p.m., being the time appointed for a military interment of the remains recently unearthed at Lundy's Lane, I hereby request the closing of places of business in Niagara Falls Village during the hour of service.

SAMUEL PATTEN, Reeve."

The Reeve's request was readily complied with, and a solemn quiet reigned throughout the village.

For several days previous the casket containing the remains, and two cases exhibiting the relics, were placed in public view at Mr. England's store, on Main street. On the casket was placed the following inscription:—

"H. M. 89TH AND 103RD REGIMENTS.

"Remains of eleven soldiers killed in battle, July 25th, 1814. Re-interred October 17th, 1891, by the Lundy's Lane Historical Society."

The military contingent, furnished by permission of Gen. Herbert for the occasion, consisted of Troop A., St. Catharines; Cavalry Troop D, Queenston, and Troop E, Welland, in all 100 officers and men, and of infantry a large representation from all the companies of the 44th battalion, including its excellent band and a company of the

39th, in all about 250 men. The detachment, in command of Col. Morin and Major Vidal, arrived from camp at Niagara, the cavalry at noon and the infantry at 1.45 p.m. Having partaken of lunch in the town hall the troops marched up to Main street and when opposite the store the pallbearers, Capt. McMicking, No. 6 Co.; Capt. Vandersluys, No. 1 Co., and Adj. Hill, of the 44th, representing the infantry, and Major Currie, Capt. Servos and Capt. Burch, representing the three troops of cavalry, carried the casket out in the procession. It was wrapped in the Union Jack and on top lay some choice bouquets of flowers that had been placed there by the kind hand of Mrs. McFarlane.

When the solemn pageant began to move towards the historical cemetery the procession was in the following order:—

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

44th Battalion Band, twenty pieces.
No. 1 Co. 44th Battalion, Capt. Vandersluys, 30 men.
No. 6, Capt. McMicking, 36 men.
Pallbearers, carrying casket with remains.
No. 3. Company, Capt. Greenwood, 30 men.
No. 4 Co., Capt. Cruikshank, 31 men.
No. 5 Co., Capt. Cohoe, 30 men.
No. 7 Co., Capt. Clark, 31 men.
No. 5 Co., Waterford, 39th Battalion, Maj. York and Capt. Lings, 37 men.
Co. E., Cavalry Troop, St. Catharines, Capt. Gregory, 35 men.
Co. D, Queenston, Capt. Servos, 35 men.
Co. A, Welland, Capt. Burch, 30 men.
Also Majors Buchner and Currie.
In command of the infantry were Lieut.-Col. Morin, Majors Vidal, Raymond and Bender, and Adj. Hill and Lieut.-Col. Gregory commanded the cavalry.
Pupils of the High and Public Schools of the village, numbering 200, in charge of Principals Orr and Morris.
Members of Lundy's Lane Historical Society, with badges.
Citizens.

At least 3,000 spectators, not a few of whom were from the other side, witnessed the pageant. At the head of the L.L.H.S. walked the Rev. Canon Bull, its highly respected president, and Mr. William Kirby, the president of the Niagara Historical Society, who has sung in strains that will never die the heroic epic of the United Empire Loyalists; and as the solemn procession wound up Lundy's Lane, bordered by great trees in all their autumn glory, the soft air, the meridian sun, the measured cadence of the Dead March in Saul filled all hearts with gentle feelings, touching memories, and a hope of the blessed resurrection.

Upon the arrival of the procession at the grave, which is situated at the north-east end of the Royal Scots' trench, and upon the site where the battery stood during the bloody battle, the militia formed a square around the grave. In their midst stood Rev. Canon Bull, Rev. Canon Houston, Rev. Mr. Ker, St. Catharines; Rev. Mr. Fessenden, Chippewa; Rev. Mr. Spencer, Thorold; and Rev. G. B. Bull, Stamford.

From the truck of one of the cannon presented to the L.L.H.S. by the courtesy of Sir Adolphe Caron, Minister of Militia, the rev. president of the society delivered a touching and memorable address to the assembly, of which the following is a part:—

To-day, as representatives of Canada's loyal people, and especially of "The Lundy's Lane Historical Society," we are assembled to fulfil a duty of loyalty and Christian respect, which we individually esteem as a high honour committed to us.

The duty of loyalty and respect which we are called upon to fulfil relates to a quiet and reverential re-interment of the mortal remains of eleven soldiers of the 89th and 103rd Regiments, who fell here on the 25th July, 1814. Our proceedings to-day are quiet and reverential; QUIET, I mean, in contrast with the fierce strife and din of warfare then, and REVERENTIAL, in a qualified sense, compared with the hurried work of burial, and the few words said, if any at all, after battle, but not more reverential otherwise than at that first interment, when comrades were hastily called together to bury their dead, and silent tears were shed, just as many hearts feel most when lips move not. A British poet has given us, with tender feeling, the well known words on the Burial of Sir John Moore, 1809, which also apply to those who fell in 1814:

"Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note
As his corpse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero lies buried."

On the 3rd September last, a little more than 77 years since the Battle of Lundy's Lane, the discovery of these remains was made in yonder sand field, about 140 yards north from this open grave—

"Upon this hill, where now we gently tread
'Mid grass and stones, memorials of the dead."

So, with tender memories, with Christian rite and ceremony, and military honours, we have come here to-day to recommit these eleven to the quiet grave to be disturbed again no more until the day of the great Resurrection trumpet-call. The remains of two are probably those of Captain Spooner and Lieut. Latham of the 89th and 103rd Regiments. Feeling a deep sense of duty and respect, our vice-president, J. A. Orchard, Dr. H. Cook, J. C. Hull, W. Dalton and others, have zealously endeavoured to collect all that was possible, and to arrange for this solemn occasion. The incident of the discovery enables us in some measure to show that as a Society we desire to testify to the memories of the men of 1812-14, and give tenderest respect to this group of comrades found in yonder trench after the lapse of so many years. This little plot of ground now allotted to these brothers-in-arms shall be their more fitting resting-place henceforth until the whole earth and sea itself shall give up their dead by the Word of our God.

The scant relics of military dress, of buttons, helmets and belts, etc., found at this discovery shall be carefully kept in memory of the 89th and 103rd Regiments, so many of whose men fell here in battle. Alas! that such battle or any of the contests waged along this frontier line were ever necessary to repel invaders who had no righteous cause for their invasions, during a period of nearly three years.

If we are divinely taught to forgive our enemies, still we may not forget those men of the times—our countrymen—who successfully withstood repeated cruel attacks; we may not forget the men and women of Upper Canada who protected and preserved all this land to be handed down to our posterity for all time to come. Nor may we forget to give due respect to sacred remains such as these, but in the spirit of Christian brotherhood sprinkle over them, as of old, the thrice-repeated dust of earth, *pulveris exigui parva munera* with reverence, and in humble, blessed hope.

This task of re-interring is one of duty and piety. "Bury me with my fathers," was once the wish of Patriarch Jacob, so, too, the pious charge of the Patriarch Joseph and of the aged Barzillai. So, now, these mortal remains seem to say: "Place us amid our comrades." This we do. The re-interment of friends or kindred is sometimes an act of obedience, or duty when possible, as well as of piety, when, e.g., the old farm burial plot is exchanged and God's acre is chosen instead, for its restful shades close by some House of God.

Later members of our society may have many tasks of duty and piety like ours here to-day. Plainly we see how such a society is most useful, and necessary too, in many ways. On occasion like this, its members, from a spirit of Christianity and patriotism, seek to prevent disrespect to the dead by any semblance of disrespect on their part, and by forbidding any acts of vandalism on the part of others; they seek to insist upon due respect being shown for the dead, and the place where they lie—old and young, the rich or poor, the known or the unknown; they seek to bestow honour on whom honour is due, in MEMORIAM, honour to the Christian benefactor, the statesman, patriot, soldier—Regular or Volunteer. For these, and such as these, promoters and defenders of their country, The Lundy's Lane Historical Society will seek at all times to give honour, as far as possible, by inscribing their names, and so perpetuating their memories through succeeding generations in this fair Canada of ours.

The Rev. E. J. Fessenden followed Rev. Canon Bull in words that ought to ring like the sound of a bugle through the length and breadth of the Dominion, reaching all hearts, touching all consciences.

The report is taken from the *Weiland Telegraph*—

"Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begot us; their seed shall remain forever, and their glory shall not be blotted out; their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth for evermore."

I am sure the anxious, eager question of every heart here to-day is, "how shall we make the most of this opportunity that has come to us to show our gratitude and reverence to the heroes of this battle field?" We are the heirs of their self-devotion. What can we render, in these sacred filial rites the living may pay the dead, that shall express the value in which we hold the blessings their heroism bequeath to us? "The glory of children is their fathers," and the heroes of this field are still our fathers. We are not severed from the past they preserved to us by a bravery and devotion unparalleled in modern days. We hold this battle ground still, after 77 years have come and gone, for the old flag and the old freedom. The cause of the United Empire is still triumphant on Canadian soil, and as we value all this so is our gratitude to those heroes who gave their lives in its defence. A healthy people, while not the slaves, are the children and pupils of their past, and what a rich inheritance of guidance and inspiration we have in our Canadian past, and it is only a glorious stanza in the great past of our race and Empire.

Connection with our past is worth maintaining—those who have handed it down to us are worthy of all honour, because it is the growth and progress of English freedom. That our

land might retain this freedom they, to whom we pay these sacred rites, gave their lives, and this English freedom of ours is unequalled in the world. No other land has it.

It is utterly different, for example, from that of France or America. The ideal of France is glory as the aim of her freedom. American freedom is founded upon the philosophy that all men are equal and should not be interfered with in their pursuit of happiness. They have nothing to do with man as immortal or with its national life in its Christian duties and obligations to God.

In striking contrast to this, English freedom, as organized in the English constitution, is, at its birth, the child of religious missionary effort. It is the growth of the Ten Commandments and the Apostles' Creed in the life of the land, and the watchword of English freedom is: "England expects every man to do his duty in the fear of God and in loving devotion to Fatherland." Its ideal of highest prosperity is not to be found in kitchen politics; the legend of its house is—"Man does not live by bread alone," and this rational, ordered, God-fearing English freedom, that through centuries has advanced from stage to stage of progress, deliberate, calm, never breaking from her past, but making every fresh gain the basis of a new success, enlarging her people's liberties, while bating nothing of the height and force of individual development, with the cross on its flag telling of self-sacrifice for noble ends, has given us our English commonwealth—the crowning glory of time and nature, dowered by the ages with poetry and beauty, all that can charm the imagination and win the loving loyalty of the better feeling and higher intelligence of mankind. And this freedom and Empire has been given to us, and is hallowed for us, by our loyalist past, by the heroism of this battle-field. It cannot, it must not be that we shall ever surrender it. If we were to surrender it our names would be held in execration instead of the loving remembrance we give to our fathers to-day. No, these heroes gave us our English nationality and instinct, made up of memory and hope which swells every Canadian's heart, makes what else would be common earth our fatherland of loyal English life, sacred and dear, sending up to us brave messages from her loyal past and bright prophecies of her future, a future ever revealing the lofty secret of her parentage and destiny, a future that, issuing forth from these heroic heights and broadening over our Canadian Dominion like our lower St. Lawrence, shall merge into the world-wide imperial responsibilities, powers, and glories, of the United Empire, enthroned amid her world, encircling seas and sceptered with the never-setting sun.

The form of the Church of England burial service was read, with a slight change. Instead of the usual first words at the Committal, were said: "Forasmuch as in God's Providence acts of duty and piety are given us on earth to fulfil, we therefore re-commit these mortal remains of men to the ground—earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes, in sure and certain hope," &c., &c. And instead of the first prayer, was substituted the Second Collect for Peace, as in the church's evening service:

"O God, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels and all just works do proceeds give unto Thy servants that peace which the world cannot give; that both our hearts may be set to obey Thy commandments and also that we, being defended from the fear of our enemies, may pass our time in peace and quietness: through the merits of Jesus Christ Our Saviour. Amen."

Then followed the concluding collect and benediction.

While the firing party, under command of Captain Cruikshank gave the usual rounds the band played *Nearer My God to Thee!* and the solemn and impressive ceremony being thus pronounced at an end, the great assemblage dispersed to the noble strains of the *National Anthem*, followed, as the men moved down the hill, by the quaint melody of *Auld Lang Syne*.

But from the newly made grave comes an echo of another kind:—"That by Thee, we, being defended from the fear of our enemies, may pass our time in rest and quietness." How often have the words passed our lips without much heed as to the intensity of their meaning! How little have we considered the cost at which our "time of rest and quietness" was won for us. But now at the grave of the grey remains of these eleven men, our defenders under God from our enemies, our hearts grow uneasy, our consciences are touched, and never again shall we pass over these words in our collect for peace without remembering that these eleven men were of the host who fell in our defence, of those who gave us to "pass our time in rest and quietness, through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen."

S. A. C.

Sabbath Observance.

The weekly day of rest was never intended to be a day of indolence, and yet we fear there are many excellent people who would be horrified at the idea of opening a free library on Sunday, who see no harm in spending half of Sunday morning and the whole of Sunday afternoon in bed. But the whole question of the right observance of the Lord's day needs to be thoroughly discussed by competent Christian teachers.—*Methodist Times*.



FIRING VOLLEYS OVER THE GRAVES.
THE CEREMONY AT LUNDY'S LANE, 17th OCTOBER, 1891.
(John England, photo.)



TORONTO, 13th November 1891.



SYMPATHETIC notice of Capt. Ernest Cruikshank's revised edition of "The Battle of Lundy's Lane" appears in the *Morning Guardian*, Charlottetown, P.E.I., of November 3. The reviewer says: "Captain Cruikshank has done service by issuing this pamphlet critically examining and comparing the somewhat conflicting accounts of the relative strength of the forces engaged in this important battle of our history. American writers have habitually understated the numbers engaged on the American side, but the gallant Captain shows from authentic official documents that the invaders much outnumbered the Canadian forces, and that the battle was won by the indomitable pluck of the latter."

Further, "the author truly says that in no country are historical records made so much of as in the United States, and nowhere so little as in Canada." This is only too true, but the times are mending, as we see by space given to historical work in our newspapers and periodicals. We ought to have also our provincial historians, paid by the governments.

In noticing the "Story of Laura Secord," lately published under the auspices of the Lundy's Lane Historical Society, by Williamson & Co., of this city the reviewer remarks: "'Loyalty,' pithily says the writer of this appropriate brochure, 'is a principle, not an epithel'—a fact that some of us Canadians seem to forget."

Professor Goldwin Smith certainly must have forgotten it when he made his farewell speech at the Toronto Young Men's Liberal Club the other night.

Miss Florence Balgarnie did not forget it, but was visibly affected by it, when, in introducing her lecture, "Ourselves and our Grandmothers," on the 9th instant, she spoke of her happiness in feeling that she was once more under the folds of the British flag, after having travelled about some months under the Stars and Stripes. Not that she loved America less, but Britain more.

Before this reaches you Montreal will have had the opportunity of hearing Miss Balgarnie, and will no doubt appreciate as we do her culture, fine manner, and intelligent acquaintance with political methods of work. Perhaps the most remarkable point she made in her lecture here was her advice to woman suffragists to unite with their individual parties. There is, she said, in every Anglo-Saxon a bit of the bull dog, a love of fight, and this was the impelling force in all reform. William Kirby says almost the same thing in his introduction to "Memorials of the Servos Family," now publishing in the *Welland Tribune*.

"The existence at the present time," says Mr. Kirby, "of two great distinct political confederacies in North America—the United States and the Dominion of Canada—is primarily owing to the long continuous movement of two opposing sections or parties of the English people in the land of our common ancestors; the party of monarchical and the party of republican tendencies, divisions which seem to be inherent in human nature itself." Say Conservative and Radical for Republican and Monarchical, and the analogy still holds good.

These "Memorials of the Servos Family" were published a few years ago, by Mr. Kirby, for private circulation, and contain the translation of a letter by the Prince of Wied, to his faithful henchman, Christopher Servos, who, after thirty-nine years and nine months of military service, desired to emigrate to America with his wife and six children, and was lovingly helped thereto by a letter of introduction to "the Honourable the Governors of New York or Pennsylvania," by his Prince, as "a man every way worthy of their assistance and patronage," and "pledging ourselves by any means in our power to the Honourable Governors to reciprocate

any kindness, good-will and assistance which they may be pleased to show to the said Christopher Servos."

The original document, written in old German, on parchment, with the signature and seal of the Prince of Wied, is still preserved by the family, and is now in possession of Mr. Ethelbert Servos, Hamilton, Ontario. A valuable document, indeed, and reminding us that the Teutonic element in Canadian blood is strong, as a glance at any list of United Empire settlers will show. Niagara counts many Servoscs yet, and Mr. Kirby's late wife was of the same honourable family.

For some time past one of our dramatic poets, Hunter Duvar, author of "De Rolervall," has been contributing critical articles on some Canadian dramas and verse, among them "Tecumseh" and "Laura Secord," to the *Guardian*, of Charlottetown, P.E.I. Mr. Duvar has, however, other literary work pressing which puts a period to these labours of love for a time. That he may resume them in the near future is much to be desired, since it is by such means that the taste of the people is awakened and cultivated.

"Ben Hur" and the Chrysanthemum Show have divided public favour this week. The former is a clever adaptation of what may be called the secular side of Wallace's novel, and appears to have rivalled the best of the professional spectacular dramas. Whether it will take its place on theatrical repertoires remains to be seen, but as there are five dances and the chariot race in it, it cannot be lacking in strong situations. Each dance has its own peculiar character, priestesses, naiads, butterflies and blackbirds, performing in set phrases—to use a musical term—and allowing great diversity both in costume and figure. The performances, repeated day after day, were entirely in the hands of our clever Toronto amateurs, and drew crowded audiences from the first. The Infants' Home, a most deserving charity, is the *beneficiare*.

The Gardener and Florists Club made a magnificent display of chrysanthemums. Surely nothing finer can be attained by culture than is shown this year. Among the cut, blooms, and single-flower plants, there were flowers, not a few, that measured over six inches across. The beautiful softness and rich tints of the chrysanthemum obviates all impression of over-feeding; the largest blooms look just as elegant as the small ones, and are fully as attractive. A good many new varieties were shown, and the Japanese and Chinese were well represented. The very freedom of flowering attained by this plant under culture makes it of great value to the grower and florist, and if some method of hastening the flowering season a week or two could be discovered, it would be an appreciated addition to our gardens.

Mr. Chambers, Superintendent of Parks and Gardens for the city, deserves, with his coadjutors, every praise for the excellence of the show and the elegance of its arrangements; its growing dimensions, however, will necessitate some method of display which will economise space, while doing justice to the flowers.

Mr. Dunlop, of Toronto, has succeeded in raising a new variety of yellow rose called the Toronto; it is large and very fragrant.

Roses of wondrous size and colour, carnations, cyclamens, orchids, and a few other flowers, added an unexpected attraction to the exhibition, which was altogether beautiful.

Thanksgiving Day was observed by our militia in the usual way, a review, held this year by the District Adjutant-General, Colonel Otter, C.S.I. The men turned out in strong force, and though the day was rather grey, it was cool and pleasant for their work. The high, broken ground at Norway, an eastern suburb of the city, formed the place of exercise, and the men came off with honours.

The Presbyterian churches and the Church of England held morning services, which were well attended.

The weather is at last turning cold; St. Martin's summer is over, and we now look for Christmas.

S. A. CURZON.

A Vermont editor has invented a new way for stirring up delinquent subscribers. He writes obituary notices of them, assuming that they must be dead, since he does not hear from them.—*Fulton (N. Y.) Republican*.

Cricket Curios.

BY AN UMPIRE.

I once saw a clean hit for fifteen without overthrows. It was on a ground at the Curragh Camp, Ireland. The wickets were on a slight elevation, and the ground sloped gently for a long distance on one side. A hit was made to long leg in this direction; the fielder ran after the ball, which bounded merrily on before him—like Mr. Pickwick's hat. When the fielder got it at last, and turned round to throw it in—behold! wickets, fielders, umpires, and all had disappeared utterly, and he seemed to be alone in a vast plain. At length he descried a figure on the horizon waving its arms wildly; he recognized it for a fellow-fielder, and threw him the ball. It took three relays of fielders to bring that ball to the wicket-keeper, throwing it one to the other. The batters would have run more than fifteen, but they were fagged, and had to throw themselves on the ground.

I once saw a man clean bowled—or he ought to have been—but the ball went evenly between the stumps without even shaking the balls. I had set the stumps myself, and knew that I did not leave room for the ball to pass through. All crowded round the wicket, and every one of both elevens had a try to pass the ball between the stumps, but not one could do so without knocking off the balls. On another occasion the ball, thrown in from long leg, struck the stumps just at bottom; the batter was half-way up the crease, and should have been out; but the balls, instead of falling off, jumped two inches into the air, and fell back exactly into their places, and the wicket stood intact! I myself would not have believed such a thing possible had I not seen it.

While touring in Ireland some ten years ago, we were playing a certain western county. When the bell rang to clear out the crease of stragglers, one powerful countryman obstinately refused to vacate, insisting that "he was goin' to stan' umpire."

In vain we assured him that each side was provided with an umpire. "Ye're all English," he said, "an' that fellow (the ground man) is English, too; so what chance have the G—— gentlemen agin ye?"

After a while he yielded, and retired among the spectators, under the condition that if he saw a decision which he thought unfair he could object. As the match went on it soon became plain that the country would be badly beaten.

Then comes our hero, backed by eight or ten as big as himself, boldly invading the crease; and, to show his great sense of justice, announces, "It ye bate the G—— gentlemen, be the tare o' war, but we'll bate the devil out o' ye!" For the credit of "Ould Ireland," I may as well say that, although we did "bate" the G—— "gentlemen," still the "devil" was not "bate" out of us.

A Soldier Poet.

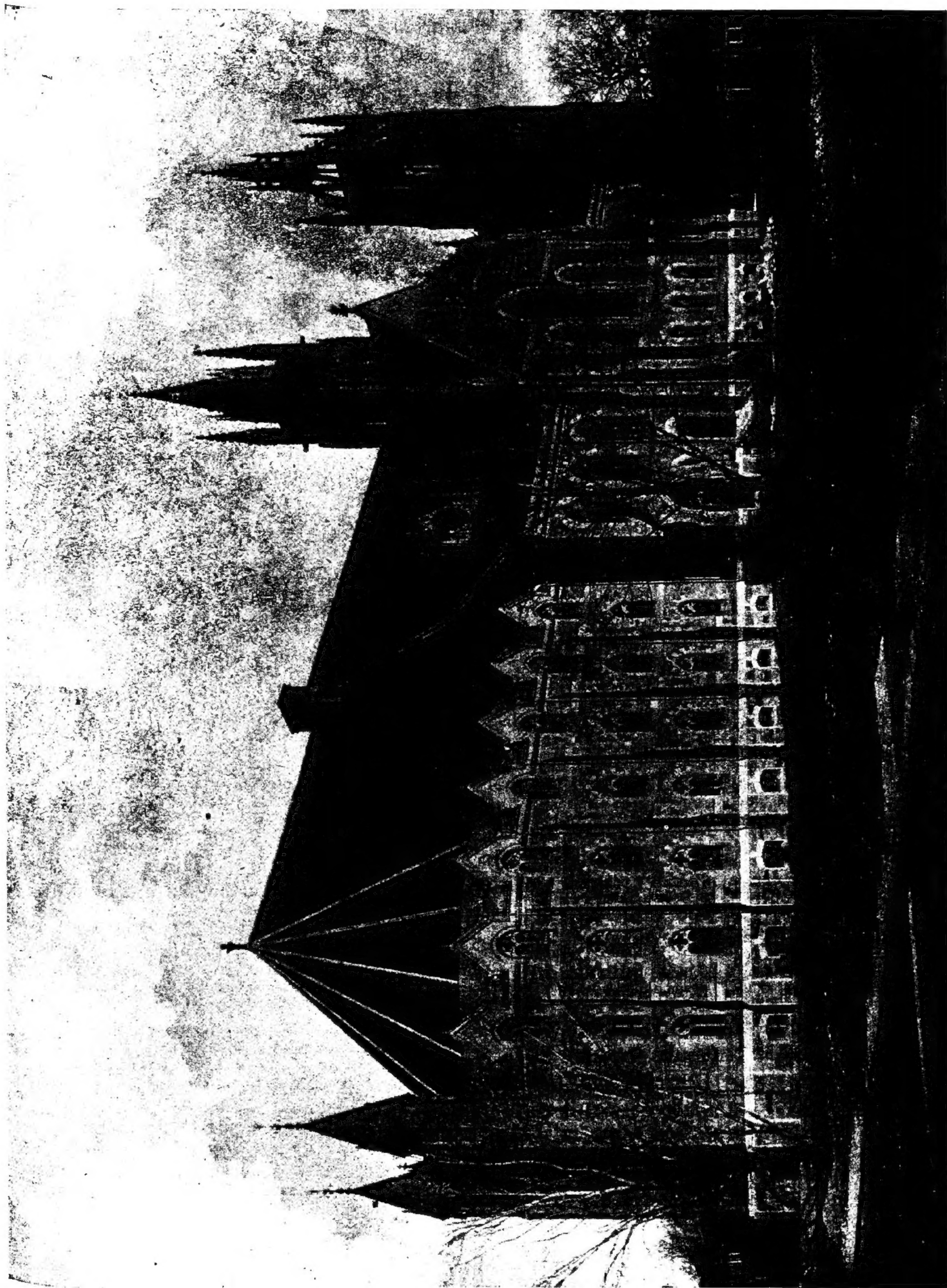
"A" Company, Royal School of Infantry, at Fredericton, N.B., rejoices in the possession of a soldier poet. Private William Greig joined the Royal School of Infantry some time in April of this year, having served a term in the Royal Marine Light Infantry, where, in the far from poetical atmosphere of the barrack room, or the scant accommodation on ship-board, he gave to the light of day "The Soldier's Valour," an exceedingly creditable poem, in which he portrays, in a faithful manner, the undiminished obedience of the British soldier to orders, in the face of all difficulties, whilst his fondest comrades are sacrificed at his side, and "without a sigh pass evermore from sight."

"And then, perchance, he falls, but what cares he,
If that he hears the sound of victory?
He finds a patriot's death, a soldier's grave,
The whole reward a soldier hopes to have."

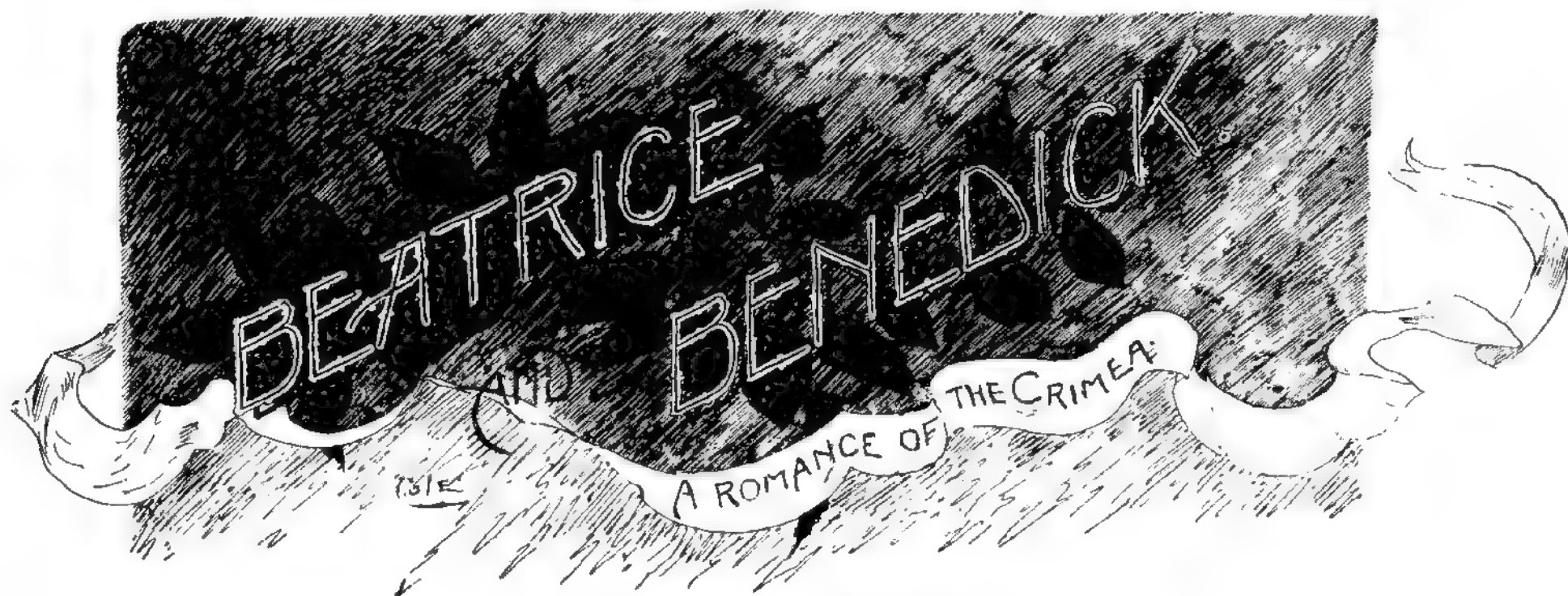
Mr. Greig is a Scotchman, was born at Stricken, Aberdeen, and is about forty years of age. He has not yet published any of his poems in Canada, but he intends to issue his collection shortly to the public. Lieut.-Colonel Maunsell, who is the author of a number of sketches of New Brunswick country life and several pieces of music, as well as being a constant contributor to the *Field*, has one or two other educated, thinking men who have dabbled in literature, under his command, of whom he feels justly proud.

GEORGE J. MOORE.

Fredericton, N.B., 6th November, 1891.



ST. JAMES METHODIST CHURCH, MONTREAL, REAR VIEW.



BY HAWLEY SMART.

Author of "Breezie Langton," "At Fault," "Tie and Trick," "Long Odds," "Without Love or Licence," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XXVII.—"WHAT SHALL I DO?"



SELFISHNESS, the philosophers tell us, is at the bottom of all our actions; that even those few good deeds upon which we look back with pleasurable pride and satisfaction have been prompted chiefly by the desire of gratifying our vanity or dazzling our neighbours. I am no upholder of this cynical creed myself,

though nobody can deny that the sin of ostentatious benevolence is rife in the land. Still I am sadly afraid that Tom Byng's strenuous exertions on behalf of his friend were not altogether disinterested. He might not be conscious of it himself but lurking somewhere in the recesses of his mind must have been the thought that, if his most intimate friend should marry the most intimate friend of Miss Smerdon, he and Frances would shortly come together was pretty well as certain as that two and two make four. He certainly had worked hard to bring that marriage about, and that he should be awaiting news from Manchester with considerable impatience was only natural. He knew that Hugh's letter had been dispatched and forwarded, and yet the days slipped by without his getting a line from him.

But if Byng was anxious as to what Miss Lynden's reply might be, it was nothing to the impatience which possessed Hugh. Not a day passed but what he visited the Tarrant's cottage, only to receive a negative shake of the head from Polly in reply to the inquiry if there was "anything for him." He had bestowed *largesse* on Dick with so liberal a hand that that worthy pronounced him "quite the gentleman." He would have rewarded Polly in similar fashion, but she obstinately refused to touch his money, saying that whether she had acted rightly or wrongly it should never be said that she had "done it for money." He tormented her a good deal as to whether she was sure she had made no mistake about the address, and to quiet him Polly was forced to explain that though she knew an address to which a letter directed would eventually reach Miss Lynden, she could not tell where it would be forwarded, and that for all she knew it might have to go abroad. Hugh, too, was very anxious to learn some particulars of Dr. Lynden's death, but about that Polly could tell him nothing. She had his daughter's word for it that he was dead, and that was all she knew.

A week had elapsed and still Polly only shook her head. What to do or what to think Hugh did not know. He did not like to leave Manchester

until he had received his reply, and as to where Miss Lynden actually was it was quite evident the secret was still her own, and that Mrs. Tarrant could not have betrayed her if she would. He walked up as usual one morning, and noticed carelessly that the window, contrary to custom, was closed. The door opened before he could knock, and Polly, arrayed in her bonnet and shawl, stepped eagerly into the passage.

"Go in," she whispered, "I shan't be back for an hour, at least. Good luck to you, sir," and with these words Mrs. Tarrant vanished. Hugh paused for a moment. His chance was come at last; he was there to plead his cause and to win it, he earnestly hoped, but for all that he was conscious that he was going into court with hands not quite clean. He pushed open the door, and Nellie Lynden, in her sombre draperies, stood before him.

"Hugh," she said, in tones that she vainly endeavoured to render steady, "I have come to hear from your own lips the truth. I have travelled from France to hear you give the denial to this story I have heard about you with your own mouth. You could not stoop to lie to a woman still standing in the shadow of her father's grave."

"My dearest Nellie," he cried, advancing as if to embrace her.

"Stop, Hugh," she said, sadly. "I must have a full explanation from you before I decide whether we meet now for the last time or not. Three times have I thought that I should never see you more, and the last time was immeasurably the most painful of the three. I had wept for you and mourned for you as dead, when the terrible news came home that you were missing after the 8th of September, that no tidings could be gained of you, but—stop, don't interrupt me," she exclaimed, as Hugh once more attempted to take her hand; "the saddest parting of all was the last, when I was told you were false to every vow you had made me, and that the man for whom I had prayed for the last year, and who had cost me so many tears, had forgotten me, and was on his way home wedded to another woman."

"It was all false, false as can be," cried Hugh, conscience-stricken at the torture to which he had subjected his betrothed. "Who put this abominable rumour about I don't know, but if ever I do, and it's a man, he will render strict account to me for the lie he uttered. How it reached your ears I don't know, but the first I heard of the calumny was from Mrs. Montague."

A slight smile passed over Miss Lynden's face at the recollection of that lady's epistle.

"My father's information about things in the Crimea was both extraordinary and accurate. Was there not a Mademoiselle Ivanhoff?"

"Yes," returned Hugh, "and that is the lady with whom my name has been falsely coupled. But I am neither married to her nor have I ever been engaged to her. I was and am pledged to you, Nellie, and anxious as ever to claim my bride as soon"—and he paused and glanced at her dress, "as I can obtain leave to."

"And you are sure that you have no feeling for Mademoiselle Ivanhoff? She nursed you through your long illness, did she not?" and as she put the question Miss Lynden watched her lover's face keenly.

"Yes, Sister Marie's nursing no doubt had a good deal to say with pulling me through. The doctors all said I owed as much to her care as I did to their treatment."

It's possible Miss Lynden had her own misgivings as to how far feelings of gratitude had carried Hugh with his nurse, but, after all the rumours she had heard, it was a triumph to find her peccant lover still at her feet. She knew that patients at times do conceive a *tendresse* for their nurses, and in her delight at finding he was still her very own Hugh she was disposed to ignore such frailties as might have befallen him in his days of convalescence; but she would hardly have been a woman if she had omitted to ask the one question—

"Is Mademoiselle Ivanhoff pretty?"

And Hugh would have been the veriest fool if he had replied otherwise than—

"No, I don't think so, but I have heard men call her good-looking."

Ah, Madame Vashita, if you could only have heard that one little speech, how delighted you would have been with your handiwork.

But by this time Hugh had not only obtained possession of her hand, but might be said to have taken possession of Miss Lynden generally, for she was clasped in his arms and he was pressing passionate kisses on her unresisting lips.

"Do be quiet, Hugh," she said, at length releasing herself from his embrace. "Sit down, do, and tell me all that has happened to you since you were taken prisoner."

"My darling, I haven't seen you for so long, and I feared I had lost you."

"Now, do be rational. I am sure if all the other young men that have been to the Crimea are making up for lost time as quickly as you, their sweethearts have nothing to complain of. Now tell me exactly what happened to you after you were struck down in that dreadful Redan."

"I have not much recollection of the first part of it," replied Hugh. "I have an idea of feeling very ill and only wishing people would let me alone, but when I first came fairly to my senses I was with half a dozen others in one of the country

carts, suffering great pain and tortured with the most horrible thirst. I fancy I was off my head a good bit after that, for my memory seems all a chaos from then, until I found myself in bed in the hospital at Batchi Serai, awfully weak and feeling nothing but a languid curiosity as to where I was and how I had got there. From that there's nothing much to tell. I slowly came round as men do after a long illness, and when I was really about again, found myself a prisoner in the capital of the old Tartar Khans. The Russians were all very kind to me, but life there was pretty much what it is in all country towns, dull and monotonous."

"And this Mademoiselle Ivanhoff nursed you?"

"Yes, and a very devoted nurse she was to me and many others," replied Hugh judgmatically.

"We parted, I am sorry to say, on not very good terms, and it's not likely I shall ever see her again. But now, Nellie, it is time you told me something of your proceedings. Your father's death, for instance—how did that happen? Was he ill long?"

"It was horrible," said the girl with a shudder. "It was at Boulogne, only a month ago. There was nothing the matter with him. He went out to smoke a cigar on the pier, as he had done two or three times before. I went to bed, and when I awoke the next morning I was told that he had been found in the water quite dead. The whole case was at once taken possession of by the police, and there was a rigid enquiry to show how he got into the water. But nothing ever came of it. There was a heavy bruise on his temple, most likely caused by his striking against one of the piles. It was a darkish night, and my belief is that he accidentally walked over the side of the pier, was stunned by the blow on the head he received when falling, and so was drowned almost without a struggle. There were vessels lying close by, and sailors and so on were about all night, but no one heard his cry for help. I only know poor papa perished without a hand being stretched out to save him." And a tear or two trickled down Miss Lynden's cheeks, for one who, though not a sympathetic, had always been an indulgent father to her.

"I am very sorry for the poor Doctor," said Hugh; "it must have been dreadfully sad for you, Nell."

"Yes," replied the girl softly, "for I thought I was left all alone in the world."

"Ah, but you know that is not so," rejoined Hugh, gently pressing her hand. "You were mistaken about that. But what made you leave Manchester so abruptly, without telling anyone where you were going?"

"I don't know. Our life has been a puzzle to me from that time to my father's death. We left, as you would say, without beat of drum, remained a day or two in London, and then crossed at once to the Continent, where we wandered up and down with no conceivable motive. Papa briefly explained he had business here and business there, but what his business was he never confided to me. Our wanderings seemed to be perfectly aimless, and after the fall of Sebastopol papa seemed to be more restless than ever. As I have already told you, his information about things in the Crimea was wonderful, and I did think," she added, smiling fondly on her lover, "marvellously accurate. It was he who told me you were engaged to be married to Mademoiselle Ivanhoff. Perhaps the wish was father to the thought, for he never liked the idea of my marrying you. I don't know why."

"Ah! you see, Nell, my people didn't receive the news of my engagement to you with much cordiality. I dare say the doctor thought that my father might have written to him more effusively on the subject. Bless him, he didn't know that dear old gentleman when things are not going to his liking."

"Oh, but, Hugh, what does he—what do all your people think of our engagement now?"

"So far," rejoined Fleming, "they haven't had occasion to think about it. As I didn't get killed, and contrived to be mentioned in dispatches, they were bound to kill the fatted calf for me during my brief visit, and as I had completely lost you, there was nothing to be said about you."

"But what will they think of it now, Hugh?"

"Well, the governor won't like it; but then, as he wouldn't like my marrying anybody unless she had unlimited shekels, that's not worth considering. If she only had heaps of money I might marry a Hottentot. But then you see I've got to live with her, not him."

"But, Hugh, what shall I do? I have no one to advise me."

"Do, darling? Marry me quite quietly in two or three months and then, you see, you will always have someone to advise you," a bit of special pleading which brought a smile to Miss Lynden's lips. "Now that's settled," continued Hugh. "How is Miss Smerdon? What makes her so huffy? There's no pleasing her. We've done our best to blazon the colours, and paid pretty dearly for the right of carrying Sebastopol on them."

"I don't understand you. Why, where did you meet her?"

"I haven't met her," rejoined Hugh, "but I wrote to her to know where I could find you."

"Ah, she couldn't tell you because she didn't know."

"No, but she needn't have answered me as if I was almost a stranger, considering the terms we were on before I left England."

"I think I can explain all that," said Miss Lynden, laughing. "Frances is a very warm friend, and I had a most affectionate letter from her the other day, but she was not going to encourage young men in marrying Russian countesses."

"You haven't seen her, I suppose, since you left Manchester?"

"No, nor heard from her until the other day; but why do you ask?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Hugh carelessly. "We used to think, you know, there was something between her and Tom Byng."

"Yes, but I'm not clear that anything will come of it now. She wrote to him when we all thought he was so badly wounded, you know, and though I never saw his reply I know very well what it must have been. She railed at herself that she should be so immodest as to write to one she knew would flout her."

"Yes. Tom has kept a very still tongue on that subject ever since that letter. But, Nell, he has stood by me in my search for you like a brick. He has taken no end of trouble, and it was he, you know, who really found out your address after all."

"He has always been a staunch friend to you," replied Miss Lynden, "from the day that I first set eyes upon you when he was coaching you in your match."

"Dear old Tom, I should never have won it but for him. If we find they are still in earnest we must manage to put things straight between them," and here a discreet rattling of the latch warned them of the return of Mrs. Tarrant.

"You said you wouldn't be back for an hour," said Fleming, reproachfully, as Polly entered the room.

Mrs. Tarrant threw a look of the liveliest satisfaction at the lovers, and replied smilingly, as Hugh rose to go.

"Indeed, Captain, I have been away much nearer two hours than one."

Hugh murmured mendaciously something about the difference of clocks, while affecting to consult his own watch, and then prepared to escort Nellie back to the lodgings at which she was staying. As he bid Mrs. Tarrant good day, she said in a low voice.

"You've offered me a present, Captain Fleming. You shall give me a new bonnet to wear at the wedding."

"That I will," replied Hugh, "the very smartest you can find in Manchester," and as the pair walked away together, Polly felt that Major Byng did know something about these things after all.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—"LOVE MUST BE RE-QUITTED."

Sergeant Evans, when he had once convinced himself that Doctor Lynden was decidedly not engaged in the manufacture of base money, looked upon his avocation as no longer any business of his. He had little doubt what the Doctor was, in his

own mind, but granted he was a Russian spy; still the Sergeant did not see exactly how he was to interfere in the case. Criminals of all classes he had tracked and hunted down; there was no offence against the law of which he was not thoroughly cognizant; but he did not see under what head the Doctor's offence could be classified. It was a crime not mentioned in the statute book, and therefore the Sergeant finally concluded it was no affair of his and that, especially as the culprit had fled, he would trouble himself no more about it. Still, to an enthusiast like the Sergeant, the thing had a great fascination. He positively revelled in the unravelling of the elaborate webs woven by the felonious class, and although he could not exactly make up his mind that the Doctor belonged to them, and though professionally it would be waste of time to further investigate the matter, still he was curious about the Doctor's former life and antecedents. He read the account of his death in the paper, for it had attracted some little attention; for though eventually determined to be accidental, there had been a suspicion of foul play in the first instance, and this recalled the affair once more to his recollection.

It so happened that duty connected with the apprehension of a gang of swindlers who had been engaged in what is technically known as "the long firm business," carried him over to Paris, and on his way back he resolved to have a palaver with his brethren of the French police at Boulogne with regard to Doctor Lynden's death.

"Ah, it was a strange affair that," said one of their number. "We could make nothing of it. I don't believe it was an accident any more than I do that he threw himself into the water. There was no more unlikely man to do that than the Doctor—besides, he had no reason to do anything of the kind."

"You knew him then?" said Sergeant Evans.

"Ah, no, not personally," rejoined the Frenchman, "but we knew a great deal more about him this side of the water than you did. You would find his *dossier* in the Rue Jerusalem. He was an adventurer and a very sly old fox, quite of *la premiere force*. His colleagues have occasionally been laid by the heels, but never himself. Why he left his own country we never knew, but he has been dabbling in financial and political schemes on the Continent all his life."

"Was he ever in the employment of the Russian Government?" asked Evans.

"I can't say. Likely as not. They pay their agents well, that Government, and are clever at choosing them."

"You think he was murdered?" said the Sergeant.

"Ah, who can say?" rejoined the Frenchman. "I can fancy there were some who desired his death. He knew too much."

No further light was ever thrown upon the doctor's fate or career; with regard to the latter, it was, perhaps, as well that it should remain shrouded in obscurity. While as regards the former, the Frenchman's remark was perhaps as appropriate an epitaph as any. He knew too much.

Great was the exultation of Tom Byng when he tore open a telegram from Hugh, which contained these words, "Victory all along the line. Dispatches by post. You most honourably mentioned." And when Hugh appeared personally a day or two later, Tom voted it as an occasion of high festival, and was speedily lost in anxious consultation with the cook and wine butler. High and late was the revel that night, but ere it finished Tom was solemnly pledged to act as best man, or as he more practically put it had promised to see his chum through. He learnt next morning that Miss Lynden had gone to stay at Twmbarlym until her marriage, and that Hugh intended to follow her there very shortly, having received already most cordial congratulations as well as an invitation from Mrs. Smerdon. "And a very different note," he added, "to the last from Miss Smerdon. Somebody, it seems, had told her that confounded story about the Russian Countess."

Hugh Fleming and his *fiancée* had had more than one talk over this Beatrice and Benedick of the Crimean war. They both agreed that the less

they interfered the better; but, as Hugh said, "If they don't get thrown enough together over our wedding to settle their own affairs it must be through sheer perversity."

"She will rather die than give any sign of affection," laughed Nellie in reply, to which Hugh had rejoined—

"Then it will be for me to drum into Tom's head that 'Love must be requited.'"

Numberless were the discussions that took place between the two friends about Hugh's future. Where the marriage was to take place was also a topic of considerable debate. The Smerdons, who insisted on standing in the light of parents to Nellie on this occasion, were anxious that it should take place from Twmbarlym, while Frances, as soon as she had definitely ascertained that Major Byng was to act as Hugh's backer at the ceremony, obstinately declined to open her lips upon the subject. Hugh, on the contrary, rather inclined to the wedding taking place in town. He was anxious that some of his brother officers and other of his old military friends, who were now on leave, should be present. Though Twmbarlym was a good house, the putting up of ten or a dozen young men would test its resources to the uttermost. Then again, both Peter and Polly Tarrant would feel hurt if they were not present at the marriage. It was a point difficult to decide. Although quite aware that it was inimical to his own interests, Tom would not venture to express an opinion in favour of Twmbarlym. He knew, no one better, the advantages of staying in a good country house under like circumstances. If a man couldn't manage to unravel the tangled skein of his love under those conditions, his case was indeed hopeless, and with a tinge of regret he found this momentous question eventually settled in favour of St. George's, Hanover-square. In reality, I fancy, whatever they might think, the decision by no means lay with either Hugh or Nellie. Milliners and dressmakers are paramount at such times, and issued a mandate that they must have the young lady in town, and that she must remain there, and that if not they could not be answerable for her "things"—a stupendous threat that no women would venture to stand out against.

It had been a queer fancy of Hugh's, and Nellie had yielded to his wish, that their wedding should take place on the anniversary of the fall of Sebastopol, the day that had so very nearly proved fatal to him, and on a bright September morning a gay party trooped up the steps of the old church, so famous in past days for fashionable marriages. There was a gallant muster of Hugh's old comrades and other soldier friends, among others Jim Lockwood, who told Hugh that he looked upon this as a very remarkable solemnity, and he only hoped he had been perfectly candid with Mrs. Fleming that was to be, "Because," said the Hussar, "if you fellows marry again in the way you come to life again, it won't be long before she has to bring her action of bigamy." But for all this chaff Mrs. Fleming numbers no handsomer souvenir of her wedding day than the bangle sent by the Dragoon.

Besides the group at the steps of the altar there were a few spectators scattered amongst the pews. Mrs. Tarrant was there with her husband and brother, taking, we may be sure, the greatest possible interest in the whole affair, so much so indeed that Polly's eyes wandered in all directions. Nobody in the church was likely to escape her quick eyes. In her heart she thought the church by no means so crowded as it should be for a function of such importance. Suddenly she gave a slight start as she caught sight of two ladies in a prominent place, sitting to her right. Both were richly and fashionably dressed. The one was a dark-eyed, handsome girl, whose face wore a look of contemptuous scorn as she gazed upon the two principals. Her companion was a woman approaching the autumn of life, but still retaining quite sufficient good looks to make one wish one could only have seen her in her meridian. Polly craned forward to get a good view of this pair, and for a minute or so even the scene before the altar ceased to rivet her attention.

"Dick," she whispered, "there she is again, the lady with the roses. Don't you remember the

woman you saw coming out of Doctor Lynden's door at Manchester?"

"No, is it; are you sure?"

"Quite certain, Dick."

"Well it don't matter much, anyway," replied Mr. Tarrant. "The Doctor's gone, and whatever his little game was he can't be run in for it now, that's certain."

"Follow her as soon as she goes out. I want to know where she lives."

"What for?"

"Never mind. Do as I tell you. I want to know who she is," and Mr. Tarrant having growled a responsive "All right," Polly became absorbed again in the marriage service.

"Well, Marie," said the elder lady, as the affair concluded and friends crowded round the newly-married pair with their congratulations, "I really should like to know what your particular motive for coming here this morning was. Yes, I know you wished to see how these things were done in England, but it was something more than that."

"My dear aunt," replied Mademoiselle Ivanhoff, "Captain Fleming is an old friend of mine."

"Nonsense, child. I don't believe you ever saw — Yes, now I look in your face, I think you have met before. Where?"

"In the Crimea," rejoined Mademoiselle Ivanhoff demurely.

"Impossible. I know he was there, and I know you were there, but meet?"

"Yes, my aunt, we took prisoners at times, you know—I took him."

"Marie, you're incorrigible," said the elder lady as she broke into a peal of laughter.

"He escaped me," said Mademoiselle Ivanhoff, "and I was curious to see what sort of a woman had captured the renegade. Ah, I wonder who the next will be. He was rather nice, my Englishman."

Mr. Tarrant, in compliance with his wife's desire, followed the ladies home to a house in Upper Brooke street, and having ascertained the number, turned into the nearest bookseller's and requested leave to look at a Blue Book. A reference to this told that this was the residence of a Mr. Clifford, with which peice of information he went back to his wife. The name told nothing to Polly, and she was none the wiser for having discovered the identity of the lady of the roses, but happening to come across Sergeant Evans some few months later in Manchester she told him about it. He made no remark, but was probably the only man in England who saw the connection between Dr. Lynden's flight and the abrupt dismissal of Mr. Clifford from a senior clerkship in the Foreign Office.

We are not told that Benedick married Beatrice, but when the curtain falls, as the Scotchman said, "Things look very suspicious."

THE END.

A Canadian Heroine.

Mrs. John Winer has entered upon the ninety-first year of her life. She was born on a farm near Niagara Falls, on the Canadian side of the river, August 28, 1801. Most of her life has been spent in Hamilton, for in the bloom of young womanhood she married her husband, the late John Winer, of this city, who died only four years ago. Both Mr. and Mrs. Winer have been among the most highly and generally esteemed residents of Hamilton, and a host of friends will to-day wish for the venerable lady an extension of years sufficient to enable her to set the dawn of another century of life.

Mrs. Winer is physically feeble, but her mental faculties are still keen and vigorous, and she is quite able to transact the details of business.

All through her long life Mrs. Winer has been remarkable for energy and courage. In her girlhood Sarah Ryan (Mrs. Winer's maiden name) was famed throughout the whole countryside for her fearlessness and daring. One exploit of hers, when she was only twelve years of age, deserves to be recorded in history. The war of 1812-15 had been in progress for a year, and as her father's farm was near the frontier the child had become familiar with the sounds of

battle and the sight of soldiers. She was intensely patriotic and longed to do something to help the Canadian cause. Her opportunity came. A large American force had landed on the Canadian side, and cut off communication between a small Canadian force and the main British army. The Canadian officer in command wished to communicate with his superior officer without delay, but the difficulty was how to get the despatches through the enemy's lines. In his dilemma he thought of little Sarah Ryan, whose fearless character and daring horsemanship he had often heard of. He asked the child whether she would carry the despatches. She eagerly undertook the task and the papers were entrusted to her. The child accomplished her mission successfully, riding straight through the enemy's lines and never pausing in her long ride until she had placed the precious papers in the hands of the British commander. It was a deed scarcely less daring and heroic than the famous walk of Laura Secord.

Mrs. Winer enjoys the quiet evening of her life at her luxurious home on Main street east with her daughters, Mrs. Masson and Mrs. Brega. Another daughter, Mrs. Dr. Cook, lives in Chicago.—*Hamilton, Ont., Spectator.*

Military and Naval.

William Ehrensport, who represented the New York Shuetzen Verein at the Berlin Bundesfest last summer, gives the following description of the new magazine military gun which has superseded the Mowser, as the national arm of Germany. Mr. Ehrensport explained that he was not permitted to handle or even to examine the rifle except at long range, and that his description is only a general one. "It is composed," he said, "of two barrels, one inserted within the other, fitted very loosely, but held by bands or rivets, thus allowing a free circulation of air all around the inside one and precluding the barrel from getting red hot and falling to pieces. The magazine contains five shots, which are inserted in the slot altogether in a little box just in front of the trigger. By pushing the lever down, as on the Winchester, the empty shell flies out, and when the fifth shot has been fired the empty frame and shell are automatically thrown away. It is as simple and durable as our Springfield, about as heavy, and of thirty-two caliber, although the bullet is probably a little longer."

According to the division of class of 1889, the first which has been raised under the new military law in France, the forces of the republic since the first of 1890 have been as follows:—The active army and its reserves, 1,510,290; territorial army, 994,615; reserve of territorial army, 1,266,290; officers, 25,000; gendarmes, officers and troop, 27,000. This will give the French republic, in case of war, 4,000,000 of men. Heretofore the relation of the effective army, according to the number of inhabitants in each nation, has been about one per cent. in time of peace and two per cent. in time of war. To day the per cent. will be five times this at the moment of mobilization. At no period in her history has France had an assemblage of military forces to compare with this.

* * *

Perhaps few stories of battle so thoroughly illustrate what we are pleased to consider the true British spirit and way of doing things as the little incident at a reconnaissance before the battle of Ulundi, of which Lord William Beresford was the hero. The British were almost led into a terrible trap, and discovered the danger only just in time. They turned to retreat, and the Zulus poured in a volley, which brought down the grey horse of a mounted infantryman; his rider fell head foremost. The rest thought both man and horse were killed at first, but the former soon struggled to his feet, with his face covered with blood, and dazed with his fall. Lord William Beresford, seeing what had happened, pulled up, and, in face of advancing hosts of yelling savages within easy range, quietly trotted back, and told the man to mount behind him. With a cool courage scarcely second to Lord William's, the man refused, noble fellow that he was, preferring the certain sacrifice of his own life to the probability of destroying his preserver's. The reply was admirably terse and telling. The savages swarmed closer and closer, bullets rattled around them; the two lingerers were almost within reach of the assegais, and Lord William replied: "Get up, or I'll punch your head!" The man obeyed, and rescuer and rescued escaped.



NIAGARA CANON FALLS (15 MILES WEST OF VICTORIA, B.C.) IN WINTER.

NEW BRUNSWICK AUTHORSHIP.

PART III.



NE acquainted with the family connections of Canada's laureate, Prof. C. G. D. Roberts, will be led to place his confidence in the theory of hereditary literary ability. Roberts, Bliss Carman and Henry Straton are cousins—three sons of three sisters—and are sprung from the same stock to which Ralph Waldo Emerson owes his descent. All three are pronouncedly literary, and it would look as though the same blood bubbled into poetry in the case of Emerson and in the case of this trio. But further, Roberts is peer of the three and is of literary descent on both sides of the house, while the others are on one side only. It would appear from this that ancestry is accountable not only for the fact but also for the degree of literary merit.

The progenitor of Emerson and this trio is the Rev. Daniel Bliss, 1715-1764, the first pastor of Concord and a personal friend of Whitefield. His daughter Phebe married Rev. Wm. Emerson, the successor of her father in the ministry at Concord. Their son William, also a theologian, was father of Ralph Waldo. Roberts' descent is through the Hon. Daniel Bliss, first son of the Rev. Daniel Bliss, and an eminent lawyer. He took an important part in the war of the Revolution, and at its close accompanied the Loyalists to New Brunswick. He was chosen a member of the first Council, and for a long period sat in a judicial chair. His son was Hon. John Murray Bliss, a leading lawyer, Solicitor-General, Judge of the Supreme Court, and Administrator and Commander-in-Chief of the Province. The next in the line was Hon. George Pidgeon Bliss, eminent lawyer number three, and Receiver-General. His daughter, Emma Wetmore Bliss, is the mother of Prof. Roberts. According to this chronology, his grandfather, the Hon. George Pidgeon Bliss, was second cousin of Emerson.

Prof. Roberts' great grandfather on his father's side was a well known writer in England. Pinnock, the historian, and he were great friends and he wrote introductions and other matter for Pinnock's works. His son, Dr. George Roberts, came to New Brunswick, for forty years sat in the principal's chair at the Collegiate School, Fredericton, and later was professor of classics at the University of New Brunswick. He lectured and wrote a great deal on educational topics. The father of Prof. Roberts is the Rev. Canon Roberts, now in charge of St. Ann's Church, Fredericton.

Charles George Douglas Roberts was born January 10th, 1860, at Douglas, York County, N.B. When less than a year old his father removed to Westcock, Westmorland County, and here in this land of dykes and meadows, legend and story, was nourished the poetic fire. In 1874 the family removed to Fredericton, and Charlie entered the Collegiate school for a course of two years training under that eminent man, Mr. George Parkin. He won the Douglas medal for classics on his graduation in 1876, and the same year matriculated to the University of New Brunswick. Here he passed a very successful course, obtaining in his freshman year a classical scholarship, in his junior year the Alumni gold medal for Latin prose, and in 1879 graduated with honours in philosophy.

The same year he was appointed principal of the Chatham Grammar school, and in the summer of 1880 his first volume, "Orion, and Other Poems," appeared from the press of J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. On December 29th following he was married to Mary Isabel Fenety, daughter of Geo. E. Fenety, Queen's Printer for New Brunswick. In 1881 he received the degree of M.A. from his alma mater. In 1882 he was appointed head-master of York Street school, Fredericton, and the following year accepted the editorship of the *Toronto Week* on its inception. His views, however, clashed with those of the proprietors, and he retained the position only a few months. He returned to Fredericton, where he engaged in literary work until 1885, when he was called to the chair of modern

languages at King's College, Windsor, N.S., a position which he still holds. In 1887 he collected another volume of poems, entitled, "In Divers Tones," published by Dawson Bros., Montreal, and D. Lothrop & Co., Boston. In 1888 he edited for Walter Scott's (London) *Canterbury Poets* a small volume, called "Poems of Wild Life." Last year D. Appleton & Co. published his translation of de Gaspe's "Les Anciens Canadiens," under the title of "The Canadians of Old." "The Canadian Guide Book" (D. Appleton & Co.) appeared this summer. He has beside in manuscript a college text book of Shelley's *Alastor* and *Adonais*, which he will shortly publish.

Prof. Roberts is very well known to all the leading journals of Canada and the United States, his poems and sketches appearing almost monthly. The principal periodicals which have contained his productions are the *Century*, *Atlantic*, *Scribner's*, *Harper's Magazine*, *Longman's*, *Belford's*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Outing*, *New Princeton Review*,



PROF. C. G. D. ROBERTS.

Independent, *Christian Union*, *Critic*, *Current*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *Youth's Companion*, *Harper's Young People*, *St. Nicholas*, *Wide Awake*, *New England*, *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED*, *Canada* and many others. His first poem, entitled, "Memnon," appeared in *Scribner's* when he was but seventeen years of age, and brought him a very liberal cheque from the editor. One of the professor's finest lectures is "Echoes of Acadia," in which there is more true poetry than in much of the verse that is written.

Roberts is very generally conceded to be Canada's laureate. By many of the critics he has been thus ranked. W. D. Lighthall in that most valuable work, "Songs of the Great Dominion," considers him the one who should wear the laurel crown among Canadian poets. Edward Fulton, of Harvard College, in an article on "Canadian Poetry," read before the Canadian Club of that institution, calls him laureate; while Bliss Carman, Dr. Rand and many others have, in a public way, endorsed this view.

There are several reasons for the bestowal of this honour upon Roberts. He is Canada's best known poet. Not only does his native land know him, but the United States and even England. It is meet then that Canada's laureate should be her most popular poet. As regards the value of

his work we shall see how near he comes to ideal Canadian poetry. He might be an exquisite singer after classic models, but he could not be our laureate unless he sang on Canadian themes and drew his inspiration from the woods and hills of Canada,—unless in fact he was a poet of Canada.

The poetry of Canada is distinctive. In its ideal it is a true reflection of its scenery. It is marked by a natural grace, charming melody and beautiful word painting peculiar to itself. It is characterized more by brilliant fancy than by a sublimer form of imagination. The beauty is picturesque rather than majestic. But beside this the ideal Canadian poetry is robust and pure in tone, and breathes a sentiment of true patriotism.

One who makes a careful study of Roberts' poems will find that he fulfills this ideal. There are other Canadian poets, particularly Lampman and Campbell, single poems of whose may be laid alongside Roberts' and will be found of equal or even greater excellence. But they do not fulfil all the requirements of the ideal as does Roberts. One is a Canadian nature poet, but not a patriot. Another is very fanciful, but not robust. Roberts' is all. He writes exquisite Canadian nature poems, drawing his inspiration from long acquaintance with some of the finest of Maritime

scenery, nearly all his days having been spent beside the lovely waters of the St. John, on the spreading Tantramar marshes and in romantic Windsor and Minas. The effect of this is seen in such poems as "In the Afternoon," "The Tantramar Revisited," "On the Creek," "The Sower," and "The Departing of Clote Scarp." The strength, manliness and nobility of his patriotism is voiced in his "Col lect for Dominion Day," "Canada," and "An Ode for the Canadian Confederacy." In word painting he is a master, though sometimes he lays on the colours too thickly, and his poems, otherwise robust, lose that element.

Thus far we have spoken of two sides of his genius, those that make him a Canadian poet,—his patriotic verse and his Canadian nature poems. But there is another variety of his poems to be spoken of,—those after Greek models. He was particularly fond of the literature of that language, and his "Orion," "Actæon," and "The Pipes of Pan" reflect somewhat the majesty and strength of Homer and the brilliance of those unsurpassed nature poems, the choruses of the Greek dramas. It may be seen, too, that he drew from the Greek wells, not only directly but also indirectly, through Keats, Shelley and other of the classic poets.

His poems have been before the public so much in books and magazines that it is not necessary to quote much from him. We give extracts, however, from his poems illustrating the three phases of his style.

ORION.

Two mighty arms of thunder-cloven rock
Stretched ever westward toward the setting
sun,

And took into their ancient scarred embrace
A laughing valley and a crooning bay.
The gods had stilled them in their primal throes,
And broken down their writhed extremities
Sheer to the open sea. And now pine-belts
And strayed fir-copces lined their shaggy sides,
And inland toward the island's quiet heart;
White torrents cleft the screens, and answered each
To other from the high cliffs closer drawn,
Kept ever brimming from eternal caves
In azure deeps of snow, and feeding full
A strong, swift river. And the river flowed
With tumult, till it caught the mighty speech,
Rolled upward from the ocean, when it paused,
And hushed its rapid song in reverence,
And wound slow-footed through the summer vale,
And met its sovereign with majestic calm.
The sunset with its red and purple skirts
Hung softly o'er the bay, whose rippled breast
Flushed crimson, and the froth-streaks round the beach
Were glowing pink. The sands burned ruddy gold,
And foot-marks crossing them lay sharp and black.
A flood of purple glory swept the shores,
And spread upon the vineyards, and the groves
Of olives round the river-banks, and clothed
The farther matted jungles; whence it climbed
The ragged scours and jagged ravines, until
It lay a splendour on the endless snow.



A GROUP OF GUNNERS.

COLLECT FOR DOMINION DAY.

Father of nations! Help of the feeble hand!
Strength of the strong! to whom the nations kneel!
Stay and destroyer, at whose just command
Earth's kingdoms tremble and her empires reel!
Who dost the low uplift, the small make great,
And dost abase the ignorantly proud,
Of our scant people mould a mighty state,
To the strong, stern,—to Thee in meekness bowed!
Father of unity, make this people one!
Weld, interfuse them in the patriot's flame,—
Whose forging on thine anvil was begun
In blood late shed to purge the common shame;
That so our hearts, the feud of faction done,
Banish old feud in our young nation's name.

THE MAPLE.

Oh, tenderly deepen the woodland glooms,
And merrily sway the beeches;
Breathe delicately the willow blooms,
And the pines rehearse new speeches;
The elms toss high till they brush the sky,
Pale catkins the yellow birch launches,
But the tree I love all the greenwood above
Is the maple of sunny branches.
Let who will sing of the hawthorn in spring,
Or the late-leaved linden in summer;
There's a word may be for the locust-tree,
That delicate, strange new-comer;
But the maple it glows with the tint of the rose
When pale are the spring-time regions,
And its towers of flame from afar proclaim
The advance of winter's legions.
And a greener shade there never was made
Than its summer canopy silted,
And many a day as beneath it I lay
Has my memory backward drifted
To a pleasant lane I may walk not again,
Leading over a fresh, green hill,
Where a maple stood just clear of the wood—
And oh, to be near it still!

Prof. Roberts is not the only poet of the family. He has several brothers and a sister, all of whom have shown a facile pen. Miss J. Elizabeth Gostwycke Roberts has contributed some graceful and pleasing lyrics to such leading journals as the *Century*, *New York Churchman*, *Belfast Magazine*, *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* and the *Week*. She now holds an appointment on the staff of the Halifax School for the Blind. Goodridge Bliss Roberts has just entered his majority, but already is well known in connection with Canadian verse. He took his degree of B.A. from King's College in 1890, and is now pursuing a divinity course there. His poems have appeared in the *DOMINION*

ILLUSTRATED, *Young Canadian* and other journals. He edited the Canadian appendix to Douglas Sladen's "Younger American Poets," recently published by Cassell. William Carman Roberts, aged sixteen, and G. E. Theodore Roberts, aged 12, have also contributed poems of promise to Canadian journals. Theodore shows much feeling and strength in the two or three selections which the reviewer has been able to obtain, and when time has added polish to his verse he will take a place among Canada's leading poets. We conclude with selections from their writings.

BEYOND THE GOLDEN GATES OF SONG.

BY J. ELIZABETH GOSTWYCKE ROBERTS.

Beyond the Golden Gates of Song
Who treads with reverent feet shall find
The dreams and visions cherished long.
The loftier longings unresigned,
The sacred memories that wake
Our lives to noble yearnings still,
The quiet love no years can break
Nor any earthly hour fulfil
And many a dear and distant hour,
When gladness flooded land and sea,
And many a word whose tender power
Yet stirs our souls to victory.
And so to win our lives' release
From out the world's tumultuous throng;
We pass, with lips that sue for peace,
Beyond the Golden Gates of Song.

A VILLAIN ELLE.

BY GOODRIDGE BLISS ROBERTS.

I don't see how you could blame a man,
When she cast him such a bewitching glance!
No one else saw it—behind her fan,
A fellow *must* flirt whenever he can,
And here was the very best possible chance—
I don't see how you could blame a man!
We waltzed—and I whispered to her a plan,
How we might flee from the tedious dance,—
No one else saw it—behind her fan.
She looked so delicious on that divan!
And does not seclusion such joys enhance?
I don't see how you could blame a man!
All too quickly the minutes ran,
But each one saw my suit advance,—
No one else saw it—behind her fan.
But at length it ended, not where it began,
And I saw she was flushed, as we joined the dance.
I don't see how you could blame a man!
No one else saw it—behind her fan.

THE WILD WIND.

BY G. E. THEODORE ROBERTS.

What does the wild wind say
As it whirls on its northern way
To freeze the last rays of the day?
What says the wind?

Oh! who caught the wild wind's song
As he hurried northward along?
To sound the great ice-berg's gong
He hurried northward.

Six swans in a northern band
Heard from the sea and the land
The song of the wild wind grand
Heard the six swans.

Over the light summer seas
Skims the sweet scented breeze,
And it sings of fair flowers and trees,
Sings of the summer.

The wild wind blows over the flood,
And round the ice-bergs he scuds
Nor cares for flowers or buds;
On blows the wild wind.

Why such a life doth he lead,
When he is able to scatter the seed
Over the hillside and mead—
Why such a life?

He was born where the north lights glow,
And loth to leave ice and snow,
He staid in the wild north to blow
Under the north lights.

His mother was Nature, and there
She fashioned him out of air,
And made him her herald to bear
The challenge of Nature.

St. John, Oct.

W. G. MACFARLANE.

Correction.

In last week's number a peculiar mistake occurred. A poem of Rev. A. J. Lockhart, entitled, "Lux et Umbra," is credited to W. G. MacFarlane, of St. John, N.B. Mr. MacFarlane was the author of the article on "An Acadian Minstrel," dealing with Mr. Lockhart's work. His manuscript concluded with several quotations from the poems of Mr. Lockhart, the last being "Lux et Umbra." Mr. MacFarlane's name being at the close of the article was thus at the foot of this poem. The page containing the poem in some way became detached from the rest of the article and was put in type separately with Mr. MacFarlane's name at the bottom, while his article appears without his name.



NELSON AT THE BATTLE OFF CAPE ST. VINCENT, FEBRUARY 14, 1797.

[From the painting by F. Baden-Powell, in Royal Naval Exhibition, London.

(Graphic.)

RED AND BLUE PENCIL

CHERRYFIELD, November 12th, 1891.

DEAR DOMINION,—



I would seem that authorship came out of our recent glorified edition slightly askew. My friend, Mr. McFarlane, appears as a poet of greater or less dimensions, with a sonnet which Pastor Felix fondly hoped was his; and the Pastor himself with an enthusiastic article about himself,—that is, *conjecturally*; for who can be sure that one who foists himself on the public with such persistency is incapable of such a *modus operandi*? I protest, Mr. Editor, an entire innocence, and refer the whole process to some legerdemain in the chamber of the dark art; for who can tell, when the cover of the Press Pandora-box is once lifted, what will pop out?

* * *

A BIT OF ALLEGORY.

A recent dawn had with it some strange thing of visionary kind, that I do not mind telling you of. Night is the friendly harbour of ghosts, and enigmas that need the after-presence of the magician,—or failing him, of Joseph, or Daniel; but I beg of you not to press me hard for my meaning, since mortals have christened mine a day-dream,—

“And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true,” needing no interpretation.

THE SHEPHERDS.

I saw a wide pasture skirting the wilderness, with barren mountains stretching beyond, having spikes of dead trees upon them; and there were deep rifts and gloomy pit-falls between. The plain was dimming in the eventide; but I saw there was little flowering or greenness, only russet stubble, with richer-looking hillocks here and there. Scattered over this wide field, and strayed into the adjacent wilderness, was a great flock of creatures having the bodies of sheep with human visages, of which there were great variety, as to youth and age, beauty and deformity. In the centre of the pasture, where they were huddled together most numerous, as waiting for the folding, I saw one solitary man whom I supposed to be the shepherd. He was clad in a strait black garb, smoothly kept, and his ruddy head was shaven. I wondered to see him seated upon a wheel barrow which was laden with faded manuscripts, one of which he held in his hand, while others were scattered around him, and over a heap of stones near by. Some of these bore such titles as CREED, SYSTEM, THEOLOGY, INSTITUTE, SUCCESSION, SYMBOL, etc. Then he arose and commenced clipping the fleeces from some of these gaunt creatures, and when they seemed to beseech him for food he offered them the stones from the heap beside him; after which he returned to his manuscripts. He seemed long engrossed in perusing, or absorbed in his own thinking, except that now and again he lifted his face, with an air of furtive jealousy, and with his keen eyes swept the outskirts of the field. This, I found, was not to see whether any of his flock strayed into the wilderness,—which they continually did,—but to guard against the sudden appearance of any other shepherds. He had posted on the outskirts several placards bearing the words BEWARE OF HERETICS. While he sat there a tempest broke loose among the mountains, and crashing through the wilderness upon the plain drove the sheep this way and that in great confusion. The lightnings flashed upon each other as swords that are crossed in combat; the winds were madened, and shrieked aloud, and the thunders, like wild beasts, roared at one another; while not far away the sea lifted up its voice angrily all along a stretch of desolate

shore. Exposed, the flock were vainly shrinking from its fury, or rushing in panic here and there; but the shepherd covered himself and his papers with a sort of penthouse which he suddenly reared umbrella-wise; seeming in the shelter he so quickly uplifted to count the storm but luxury. Many of the sheep were driven into the rifts of the mountains and were lost in its chasms, and their piteous cries could be heard afar. By and by the storm was over, and the moon shone upon their dripping fleeces coldly; then down the mountain sides, leading over the barren backs of stone the half-perishing wanderers, and carrying the lambs in his bosom, came another shepherd to gather them together for loving ministry. Wherever he came they clustered about him, and he spoke in kindly tones, and gave to each a portion in his turn. As soon as he appeared at the outskirts of the wilderness, and was venturing upon the plain, I saw the former shepherd roused to unusual exertion; for no sooner did he who I now discovered to bear upon his front the legend, I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD, touch the field wherein the solitary reader of old manuscripts sat, than he leaped from his seat and commenced herding his flock with great diligence, running out to the border of the plain and seeking to bring them in to the centre. “Wait,” said the new shepherd: “the e be my sheep ye are driving in; give me a chance to collect mine own.” Yet he paid no heed, but with greater flourish swept round the field, and made as if he would drive his new associate out. “Sir BIGOT,” said the good shepherd, “force not and frighten not my sheep.” “What signifies a few poor sheep,” he cried, hastening still, “whether they be yours or mine? Are not our labours both to the same end? Gather that ye can; I bid you God-speed.” So he swept the good shepherd’s lambs into his woolly multitude, and went on herding them as before. Just then there strayed up to me an idle comer called SCEPTIC, whose lips were cold, and who gave me chilly words. “Why,” I said, “has this strange shepherd come on to the other’s ground, and why does he herd the sheep which are not his?” “Would,” the man replied, “he had come earlier. This fellow who has been sittin’ here has not loved the sheep, neither fed them; every day has he tarried in this place, and the wilderness has not known him. As for the strayed of the flock he has not cared for more than their fleeces, while every day more and more have tumbled over the rocks, or have been fouled with mud and briars. Because I have seen this my name is SCEPTIC. See, yonder is his sign! I walked over near to the pent house and found that some one had written thereon: THIS IS THE GUARDIAN OF SHIBBOLETH. Then arose the sound of a trumpet, and another roll of thunder among the mountains, and a Voice cried,—“Woe, Woe, Woe, unto you, ye—” but the rest of the words I could not distinguish, for with a mighty thunder-clap I awoke.

* * *

“IT’S HAME, HAME.”

As Tennyson at Coventry, I lingered at Annapolis Royal for the train; but, with so much rush of freight and passengers, I had little chance for musing, nor could I shape the quaint old town’s legends into anything. With little Midget beside me,—who has approved herself, at four years, a hardy traveller upon sea or land,—I was, in as comfortable a seat as I could command, and, not sooner than I desired, en route,

“Where trills Annapolis along His apple-scented valley,”

for that sweet land which God made,—tucking it away as a good thing,—and which the poet has glorified. This nice little comfit of creation is being sought out; and, from being the prize of an occasional lover of the remote, it is becoming an Arcadia of the multitude, who come, “Evangeline” in hand, till our sons are properly smitten with pride unfelt before in their fruitful and beautiful land. Why need they long for some better country, this side of the heavenly; and if they are to find, where is it? I learned by going away, and by reading Sam Slick, (which I first picked up in a Maine farm house,) that the seeker had better take a little turn about his own domain,—for “it’s hame, hame, hame!” Be awake. Manhood, enterprise, energy, see in our land something to covet.

Hasten onward, thou fiery-breasted steed, and ye winged fancies that outrun all motors! My eye peruses wistfully the nooks of the Valley, seen hitherto, and now familiar; as still the landscape changes, something that the eye may dwell fondly on constantly discloses itself: a circle of the

river, overshadowed here and there by the screening leafiness, or winding more tamely between the flats; a bridge spanning the glimmer of a stream; an apple-orchard, where the fruit lies partly in piles under the trees, while Pomona is absent—gone after barrels; a comfortable looking cottage, or farmstead, yonder, or a church-spire among the trees, or a cluster of homes, or a carriage or farm waggon moving along the way; a sheen of white tents at the Acadian “Aldershot,” where our soldier-citizens are in autumnal encampment; the omnipresence of the North Mountain, (beyond which Fundy lashes her shore with many a turbid wave,) that, with its rampart of strength, incloses this Arcadian loveliness. The nomenclature of Longfellow’s idyl predominates on this line: “Evangeline” and “Gabriel” have forgotten their sorrows, and go hissing and rumbling along, smoking most vilely. “Grandpre” and “Gaspereau” are shifting and shunting, or speeding along, in any other than a quiet or dreamy way. Sleepy Hollow is everywhere interrupted by the locomotive. As we roll into Kentville’s leafy amphitheatre familiar faces begin to appear, as well as the enclosing hills. As I stretch my legs at the station, lo! an old schoolmate! Ah, my dear girl! Time has been busy with you; else why these wrinkles and frosty hairs. We are seated again—schoolmate and I—when, from behind, a clasp on my shoulder, and a pleased and pleasant young face peering into mine: “Are you not—” “Bless me!” and I am whirled away by my nephew,—a sophomore of Acadia,—following whose lead I am face to face with a portly presence and darkly-whiskered visage, and a cordial baritone, that compels recognition: “Why! it’s—” Surely I am getting home; and for love of man, neglect the increasing familiarity of landscape, save now and then by glimpses, till Wolfville is reached, when my friends leave me. Here was I known, and many here I knew. When my kinsman and acquaintance are gone to the Hill where, amid its grove, the university buildings stand conspicuously, I return to find my old schoolmate guardian of the little Grace, giving solace for my temporary absence with compliment and caress. Tired baby,—seeing all strangely where her father sees ghosly the return of his childhood,—what most she requires is a pillow, and the wholesome oblivion of the night. What cares she for yonder gray farmhouse, at Avonport, where the boy that was had dreams and comr deship with one who is now Dr. — and Principal —? The old roof and room may be there, the same; but can it be said of us? Nor does she peer with eyes of mine down from this bridge at Blue Beach, over which we are now gliding, to remember how she followed the brook down through the hills to this hungry Avon, and came home again at nightfall bemused along the woodland road.

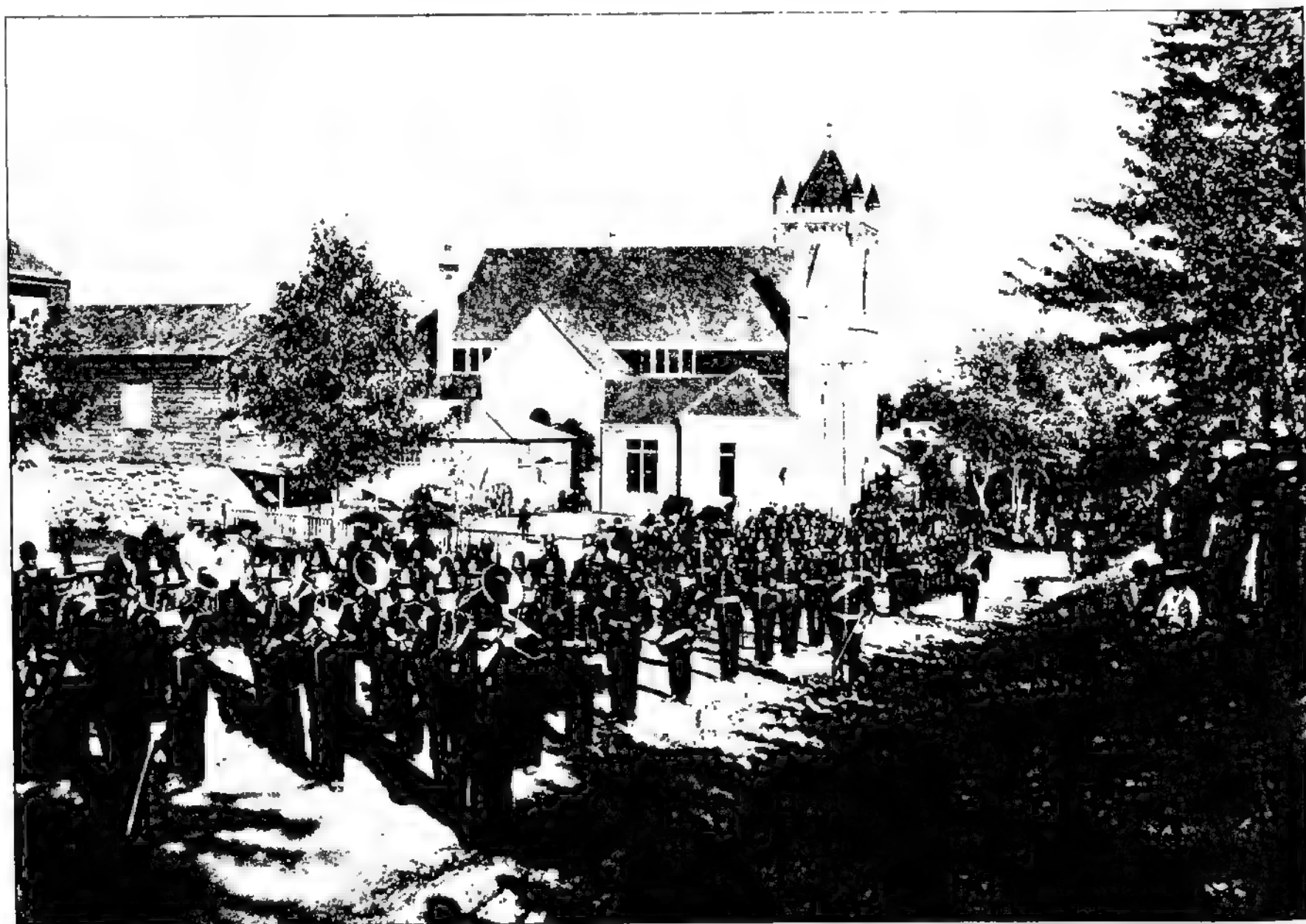
The long scream of the locomotive, with fitful reiteration; a hasty opening of the door, an interjected face, and voice, that announces, as if to myself—being so near,—“Hantsport!” Yes, I know it!

“It’s hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree.”

There is the *feyther*, whom the years have not overburdened; and Maude’s successor, with the waggon, ready for us. Surmounting the latest hill, dimming through the falling shadows,—there it is!—Home, with its evening light,—the ranges of fields and woodlands stretching away—the Avon—the Basin, Blomidon and the Cumberland shores, as of old. But we rather court the fireside, for the evening is chill, and there is the mother we have not seen for many a day.

* * *

Our friend G. M. writes: “We have been reading a volume of Keats’ letters—not those addressed to Fanny Browne—but the others. We find them extremely interesting. There was more of real manhood in Keats’ than I had given him credit for. I had been led to think from Shelley’s affectionate tribute to his memory—“Adonais,”—that the savage criticisms showered upon his “Endymion,” by the *Quarterly* and other publications, crushed and killed him. I have no such belief now. He was too brave to be seriously injured in health by such weapons.” It is fitting that he who in his “Marguerite and other Poems” has confessed so exquisitely to the spell of that subtle word-master, should think highly of his personal worth, and know the strength as well as the fineness of the mind that was in him. Our friend has but just recovered from a very serious illness, and we are grateful that he is thus able to resume his pen.



THE HEAD OF THE FUNERAL PROCESSION.

THE CEREMONY AT LUNDY'S LANE 17th OCTOBER, 1891.—(See pages 486-487.)

(John Fuglaud, photo.)

AUTUMNAL WALKS.

Now this is the season for walking! You can gather your winter stock of heartsease, and refurnish your mental picture-gallery. It is

"The summer of All Saints!
Filled is the air with a dreamy magical light."

A carpet lies underfoot as brilliant as that canopy overhead. A golden fringe lines the wayside—it is the autumn flower that most of our poets have sung; and surely it is a *red* to conjure with. Along the riverside, or in the wayside pool,—as Eve bewitched by the beauty of her face, first seen,—the maple's form gains splendour by reflection. And when the silent lake consciously mimics the clear concavity above; and sky, and trees in their holiday dresses stoop, bow down, and kiss its waters, ah! is there a sight on earth more beautiful! Reflection, indeed, makes much of this world's beauty. Did not Scott so deem, when he wrote:

"The pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled, but dimpled not for joy;
The mountain-shadows on her breast
Were neither broken nor at rest;
In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to Fancy's eye."

And surely he would not dissent, who saw

"The swan upon St. Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow."

Look up, as well as down. Notice the maple on the summit of yonder craggy hill, against the sky. It looks like a blood red flag waved from a fortress. This foliage is militant; you see a harmless sentinel in arms. He challenges your admiration; he summons your fancy to render tribute. Surrender at discretion. And notice as we pass up the Intervale, toward yon bastions of eternal rock, how all along these swampy margins, and beyond those dwarfed skeletons of trees, grayly bemossed, the low maple shrubs have first put on their crimson attire. Surely this is a

splendid hem for a wood-nymph's garment when once the sylvan dance is on. Will you not join their revels, and partake their gayety? Ah! what royalty of crimson and purple are here!—wine-dark depth of shade, as some one has well said. Artist! you cannot approach this magnificence. Sun and frost, those matchless colourists, mix their pigments with a skill all unknown to you; you cannot imitate their lustre!

Yes, let us stroll at will, when September has given us one of the perfect days which were surely meant for nothing else than a woodland ramble. You will say that nothing else will yield so much instant delight, and such a cheerful inspiration in memory. Again and again will you pluck golden rod, ferns and mosses, and shred the painted leaves. Again, will you pause to survey the whitish-grey bole of that giant beech, gather refreshment to the eye from the twinkle of silvery poplar, and the shimmer of golden birch, seeking anew "the maple burn," catching the dark terrors of "grim hemlocks," while the "lady of the forest" greets us with her "shining satin-like and lissome" dress. Again will you stoop to note where ferns are turning brown and crisp,—fading gracefully, or black-beaten to the earth. You will hear the mournful creeping of the wind through furzy boughs or the branches of the pine,—the wind that plucks the leaves to cast them in the "smoky" rivulet. Then seize the hour, and make your truce with care. When you go homeward, the same enchantment will attend you with which you came. You may see the picture Whittier painted:

"The village homes transfigured stood,
And purple bluffs, whose belting wood
Across the waters leaned to hold
The yellow leaves like lamps of gold."

"We rose, and slowly homeward turned,
While down the west the sunset burned;
And, in the light, hill, wood and tide,
And human forms seemed glorified."

A letter from a lover of song, which I have just opened bears a copy of Bayard Taylor's sad, sweet little poem, "Autumnal Vespers,"—a favourite with her, and so appropriate after the foregoing that I insert it:

The clarion wind that blew so loud at morn,
Whirling a thousand leaves from every bough
Of the purple woods, has not a whisper now.
Hushed on the uplands is the huntsman's horn—
The huskers' whistling round the tented corn;
The snug warm cricket lets his clock run down,
Scared by the chill, sad hours that make forlorn
The Autumn's gold and brown.

The light is dying out in field and wold;
The life is dying in the fields and grass;
The world's last breath no longer dims the glass
Of waning sunset—yellow, pale, and cold.
His genial pulse, which summer made so bold
Has ceased. Haste, Night, and spread the decent pall,—
The silent stiffening frost makes havoc,—fold
The darkness over all.

I never knew autumnal skies could wear—
With all their pomp—so drear a hue of death!
I never knew their still and solemn breath
Could rob the breaking heart of strength to bear!
—Feeding the blank submission of despair.
Yet peace, sad soul—reproach and pity shine
Suffused through starry tears: Bend thou in prayer,
Rebuked by Love Divine.

PASTOR FELIX.

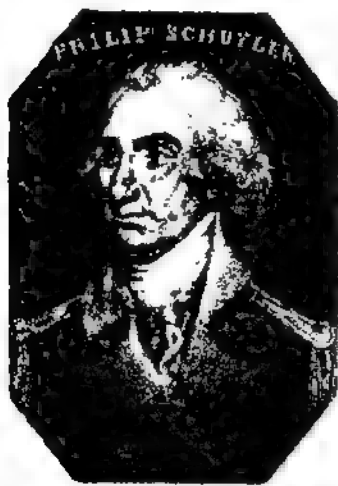
One day Thackeray visited his friend in the house of the elder Milnes. Mr. Milnes, having ascertained that his guest smoked, said, "Pray, consider yourself at liberty, Mr. Thackeray, to smoke in any room in this house, except my son's. I am sorry to say he does not allow it." "Richard, my boy," said the famous novelist, slapping his friend on the back, "what a splendid father has been thrown away upon you!"



SCENE IN THE GRAVEYARD.
THE CEREMONY AT LUNDY'S LANE, 17th OCTOBER, 1891.—(See pages 486-487.)
(J. Zybach, photo.)

THE SCHUYLERS OF ALBANY.

A HOUSE AND ITS MEMORIES.



MAJOR-GENERAL PHILIP SCHUYLER.

ON the banks of the Hudson River, between the cities of Albany and Troy, which are now almost united into one, stands an old house, still doing duty as a substantial and pretty farm villa, yet which has passed through much history. It is the ancient country seat of the Schuylers of Albany, a race whose doings were especially associated with Canada. In 1650, after the rougher work of founding Rensselaerswyck, as Albany was called, under Dutch rule, had been performed by the earlier colonists, there came out to the place a young man of Amsterdam, educated, arms-bearing, and a friend of Van Rensselaer, the Patron Lord of the seignior. In 1672 he purchased the land which, with some additions from Indians and others, made up the estate, called "The Flatts," a possession having about two miles front on the river, and upon which he shortly after built this country house. It was the friendly and far-seeing policy of this man,—Philip Pietersen Van Schuyler, Colonel and Indian Commissioner,—which laid the foundation of the influence of the British over the Iroquois, which was later to play so momentous a part for the colonies against France, and, in fact, perhaps, decided the event. In its time the house was considered, doubtless, a large and elegant one. To day its proportions are comparatively modest.

Schuyler married, soon after his arrival, Margarita Van Slichtenhorst, the daughter of the Director of the Colonie, a man of ancient family, whose daughter inherited, and passed on to her descendants, a prompt spirit of courage. In 1690, when the usurping Governor Leisler sent his son-in-law, a Captain Milborne, to take over the Fort at Albany, in the absence of her son, who was its commander, she drove the Captain out of the Fort and kept control herself till the return of the Colonel. Their sons and daughters, who were numerous, inter-married with the chief families of Dutch seigneurs, such as the Van Cortlandts, Livingstons, Van Rensselaers and others, the possessors of immense manors, established, by the policy of the crown, on the English system, for, as Parkman remarks, New York was aristocratic in both form and spirit. It was a mild and inoppressive régime however. There was little that was harmful about its feudality.

The house next descended to Pieter, Philip's eldest son, following a custom of primogeniture, other property being apportioned to the rest. In 1688, Pieter, at the age of thirty-two, obtained a royal charter for Albany, and was appointed its first Mayor, an office equivalent to Governor, being a Crown appointment and having military and administrative powers over a large district. He was also Indian Commissioner like his father. The Iroquois then formed a powerful confederacy, stretched throughout the northern region of New York, and were in nearly constant war with the French. In the winter of 1689, the latter attacked the English colonies by three expeditions sent without warning, and at midnight committed the massacre and sack of Schenectady, a small freeholders' village, near Albany. It was then that the house of the Schuylers began its public history. The Mayor gathered volunteers and pursued the French, but too late. At the suggestion of the Schuylers, expressed through an embassy to Boston, consisting of the brother-in-law and nephew of Mayor Pieter, the British colonies combined for an invasion of Canada

the following summer,—by sea, under Phips, and by land, by way of Albany and Lake Champlain, under General Winthrop, of Massachusetts. The Schuylers actively arranged the local details. Difficulties proved too great, and the expedition fell through. Abraham, one of the brothers, had, however, in the spring penetrated, with eight Iroquois, into the Canadian settlements. Captain John, aged 22 years, another brother, volunteered to Winthrop to lead a band and strike at least some blow at the enemy. With 29 whites and 120 Iroquois he penetrated to Laprairie, burnt the crops, took prisoners, and only did not attack the Fort because his Indians refused to fight in the open. The house was now fortified so that its palisades could garrison 100 men, and became more than ever a place of Indian councils. Next year (1691) the Mayor started with a small but better expedition, determined to strike a blow. This was particularly necessary, inasmuch as the Iroquois had of late years come to despise the British for their inactivity against the French, and had grown tired of defending alone the common frontier. The story of Pieter's gallant attack on Fort Laprairie in this expedition, is accurately told in



COAT-OF-ARMS ON SCHUYLER WINDOW OF FIRST DUTCH CHURCH IN ALBANY, 1656.

Parkman's "Frontenac and Canada under Louis XIV." It was, said Frontenac himself, "the strongest and most vigorous doing which has taken place since the establishment of the colony." John Nelson, an English gentleman, who had been taken prisoner, with three ships of his, by the French on the coast of Maine, arrived at Quebec about the time the news was received there. In his memorial to the English Government on the state of the colonies, he says: "In an action performed by one Skyler, of Albanie, whilst I arrived at Quebec, in the year 1621, when he made one of the most vigorous and glorious attempts that had been made known in those parts, with great slaughter on the enemies part and losses on his own, in which, if he not been discovered by an accident, it is very probable he would have become master of Monreall. I have heard the thing so much reported in his honour by the French that, had the like been done by any of their nation, he could never have missed of an acknowledgment and reward from the court." This Nelson himself, by the by, though a prisoner, was lodged and entertained by Frontenac in his own house, "because," says Baron La Hontan, in his letters, "he was a very gallant man."

From that time forward no man's influence could weigh with the Iroquois against that of Pieter Schuyler. At times they would refuse to proceed with their councils till the Governor had sent for him, and long after his death they regretfully recalled "our brother 'Quidor' (Peter)—who

always told the truth and never spoke without thinking." Throughout the long period of his life he never ceased to plan and act for the protection of the whole of the colonies against the French. The historian Garneau on this account calls him "the bloodthirsty enemy of the French Canadians." Such a term, however, is unjust to a sincere and humane man. He did only his duty as an officer and active statesman, and no such accusation was levelled at him at the time. Indeed he did his best to arrange with the French Governors for an agreement to cease the use of Indian auxiliaries in their wars, on account of the horrors and cruelties incident to the custom. His proposal was refused, and the wars continued under their traditional conditions. In 1710 he found the Iroquois so disheartened and so nearly on the verge of making a treaty of alliance with the French,—who told them their own king was a great monarch, but that the English were a nation of shopkeepers, governed by a mere woman—that he urged the colonies to send a deputation of the chiefs to England. Five went across accompanied by himself, and the tribes were charmed beyond expectations with their report. The chiefs themselves created a great sensation in London. They were styled "Indian Kings," and references to them are found in the *Spectator*.

Schuyler became while there a favourite with Queen Anne. She urgently desired to knight him, and presented him with his portrait (life-size), and with plate and diamonds for his wife, which remain among his descendants. Handed down by primogeniture the portrait still exists upon the estate, and forms one of the heirlooms of the family. His reasons for refusing knighthood were quaint. At first he said he had brothers not so well off as himself who might feel humbled; afterwards, he added that he feared it might make some of his ladies vain. In 1711 he organized another invasion of Canada with Captain Vetch, Governor of Louisbourg, an able officer, who had married his niece, "a Livingston of the Manor," and, with General Nicholson, who had been Governor of the Province, and also was Vetch's uncle. They were to co-operate by land from Albany with the fleet of Sir Hovenden Walker which proceeded up the gulf, against Quebec. As the fleet was destroyed by storm, the army disbanded. Pieter was twice Lieutenant-Governor of the Province. He died in 1724. Kingsford says of him and his brother John that "except the Schuylers and perhaps Vetch," the British colonies produced no statesmen above mediocrity.

For the same reasons a well-known American historian styles him "the Washington of his times."

John has been eclipsed by his brother. He was equally brave. He, too, was Mayor of Albany. In 1697 he was an envoy to Count Frontenac, with the clergyman Dellius. The letter they bore from Earl Bellomont, the Governor of New York, stated that as a mark of special esteem to the Count he sent these two, who were "men of consideration and merit."

Still another brother, Col. Arent, distinguished himself as an officer on the frontier. He then retired to an estate obtained by him near Newark, New Jersey, where he became very rich through a copper mine discovered upon his property. His sons and grandsons were noted as citizens or officers. His daughter married an Earl of Cassilis.

To return to Albany, the next generation saw the manor house in the possession of Col. Philip, jr., the Honourable Pieter's eldest son. He continued the influence over the Indians and, as his tombstone has it, was "a Gentleman improved in several public employments," but ill health made him cease these and suggest to Government the appointment of a friend and connection of the family, the afterwards celebrated (Sir) Wm. Johnson, as Superintendent of Indian Affairs.

The Colonel's wife, who was also a Schuyler, being a daughter of John, continued their reputation for extraordinary energy. She is well-known in colonial history by the cognomen of "The American Lady." Under her régime the house became yet more the centre of military movements against Canada. There she constantly entertained the army officers, and informed them on the conditions of the country and the necessities of forest warfare, how to treat the Indian allies, fight and march successfully in the woods, and deal with the difficulties of transportation in the wild region to the north. The unfortunate Lord Howe became in particular her favourite pupil, and introduced her reforms of dress, equipment and tactics into the army, in place of the ridiculous costumes and unsuitable movements

which had brought such disaster on the army of the headstrong Braddock. It was to this house that poor Howe was brought back dead from Abercrombie's attack on Ticonderoga. Besides Howe, says Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, the Scottish authoress, whose father, Captain McVicar, about this period occupied a farm on the estate, Sir Jeffrey Amherst, Lord Loudoun, General Bradstreet, Sir Thomas Gage, and every officer of distinction throughout North America, were intimate at the house, and no important public measure was taken without the governors of the province consulting the Schuylers.

Among "The American Lady's" favourite nephews were two who afterwards became generals—one, Philip Schuyler, on the "patriot" side of the Revolution, the other Brigadier-General Cuyler, on the Loyalist side. The latter was, in later times, Governor of Cape Breton. A niece, Miss Stevenson, married General Gabriel Christie, one of the heroes of Quebec, and Commander-in-Chief in Canada.

The front portion of the house was burnt about 1770. When the time came to restore it, General Bradstreet sent a force of men to do the work, saying that he considered that his men were on the King's service in rebuilding Mrs. Schuyler's house. The present front seems to be a story lower than the old one, which was described

and drew with him the great families of Van Rensselaer, Van Cortlandt and Livingston, who possessed, with his own, the preponderating influence in the Province. His manor house of Saratoga, together with his mills and other property, were uselessly burnt by order of General Burgoyne in his advance from the north. When Schuyler gave Burgoyne a refuge, after the surrender, in his own Albany home, the British General, overcome, said to him: "Why have you done this to me who caused your fine house and property at Saratoga to be burnt?" "That is the fortune of war; let us speak no more about it," was the reply. A pleasing anecdote is also told by the Baroness Von Reidesel, the wife of the Hessian General associated with Burgoyne. After the surrender she and her children sat weeping in a waggon, fearing the rough American soldiers. As I approached the camp, writes she, "there came out to me a most noble-looking man, who took the children out of the waggon, embraced and kissed them, and then, with tears in his eyes, helped me also to alight." "You tremble," said he to me; "fear nothing." "No," replied I, "for you are so kind and have been so tender toward my children that it has inspired me with courage." Afterwards, the man who had received me so kindly came up to me and said, "It may be embarrassing to you to dine with all these gentlemen; come now with your children into my tent where I will give you, it is true, a frugal meal but one that will be accompanied by the best of wishes." "You are certainly," answered I, "a husband and a father, since you show me so much kindness." As soon as we had finished dinner he invited me to take up my residence at his house in Albany."

General Philip also appears directly on the stage of Canadian history in his invasion of 1775. He came as far as Chambly, but falling ill, was obliged to give over the command to Montgomery.

So much for the old house itself and the scenes connected with it. Within a few miles around it are scattered what might be styled its own descendants. Upon the estate in rear are the larger mansions of the eldest lines. At the other end of Albany is the grand old house of General Philip, built about 1770 by General Bradstreet. Its broad halls are a fitting repository of the memorable scenes of Burgoyne's and Reidesel's stay, of Alexander Hamilton's wedding, which took place there to a daughter of the General, and of many other historical traditions. It appears as sound and whole to-day as when first erected. Not so far away stands the beautiful manor-house of the Van Rensselaers, the Patron Lords of Albany, built in 1765, a gem of Renaissance architecture. "The Schuylers and Van Rensselaers," wrote the Duc de LaRoche-foucauld-Liancourt, about the end of the last century, "are inextricably intermarried,—the Schuylers provide the brains, the Van Rensselaers the money."

This is not quite fair to the Van Rensselaers'. It is, however, an exaggeration of a true enough state of things, for if the Schuylers had their gallant history, the last Patron Van Rensselaer "Stephen the Good," in 1840, was proprietor of the two great counties of Rensselaer and Albany, and had an income of nearly a million dollars a year. Another "child" of the house is the Ten Eyck Schuyler Mansion, which stands out prominent across the river. It, though not so old, is the chief historic relic of the city of Troy.

Such is the story of an ancient house and a brave line. The old problems are solved, the old passions have long since found peace, the old swords are rust; but such records do us no harm, but only good, to remember,—for is not the silent homily of every honourable deed and life to fellow-men: Be thou, too, honourable.

W. D. LIGHTHALL.

Thou Traitor Heart.

Thou traitor heart hast had thy day;
Thou wast my lord from earliest youth,
But now I take thy crown away
And place it on the brow of Truth.
Truth consorts not with love, nor Faith
With woman. Joys I thought to know
Have fled me, like the white mist-wraith
That flees the morning's rosy glow.
Yet I believed thee long, and loved:
But know thee for a cheat at last.
Thy brightest promises have proved
Mere dead leaves in misfortune's blast.
For love I quenched ambition's fire,
Forsook for love the path to fame,
Dreamed love could satisfy desire;
And find love now an empty name.
I know what woman is, a vane
That veers at rumour's every breath.
I know love's deepest, bitterest pain,
And all its happiness—save death.
So thou, false heart, hast had thy day.
I give thy crown to Truth again;
Sweet Truth, that never leads astray,
Nor lures with pleasure into pain.
I look my old love in the eye,
And see her smile, and see her weep,
Unmoved, for in captivity
My heart I now secluded keep.
She calls me back with tender speech,
And opens wide her soft, smooth arms.
Vain her appeal! she cannot breach
Love's dungeon with her rarest charms.

—ARTHUR WEIR.



THE HONOURABLE PIETER SCHUYLER.
(From a life-size portrait presented to him
by Queen Anne in 1710.)

as having two stories and an attic, besides a "sunk story" or basement. The whole is of brick and hip-roofed in the Dutch manner. The front door is divided laterally into two halves, in place of vertically as with English doors.

"The American Lady" remained during the Revolution a staunch Loyalist. A piece out of one of the front window-shutters is still in evidence of the malice of a "patriot" soldier on this account. At the fall of Montreal two of the family, Colonels of their regiment, were "in at the death." Another had fallen fighting the French before St. John's, Newfoundland. Another still, a son of John, died defending, single-handed, his fortified house at Saratoga against the force of Marin in 1748, refusing all quarter, and is styled in the French account "a brave man who, if he had had twenty more like himself, would not have been seriously incommoded." He well kept the family motto "Semper Fidelis."

The house also frequently saw General Philip Schuyler, whose strategy, culminating in the battle of Saratoga, decided the war of the Revolution. A man of wealth and honour, and a major in the British army, he became a "patriot" from conviction, threw everything into the scale



OLD MANOR HOUSE OF "THE FLATTS"
Country home of the Schuylers of Albany, built about 1672.



Children's Winter Jackets—New Fur Collarettes—The Love of Mystery—Long Veils—To Preserve Pears.

Children's winter jackets are most necessary things to think of, for winter will be upon us before we are half prepared for its bitter days. Devoted mothers will see that their little people are well "fixed up," as our Yankee cousins call it, with warm outfits before they think of their own toilettes. Though not long ago I gave you designs of mantles for little girls, I only intended them as wraps to throw over other things. I do not myself consider them useful for children except in this way. Little people like to have full freedom for their arms, and this is nearly impossible in a cloak, or mantle of any kind. I need hardly suggest materials to you for children's jackets. There are such innumerable pretty rough stuffs that look warm and "comfy," besides feeling so. Therefore my best way is to give you two nice designs for having them made, trusting to your own taste and discrimination to adapt them according to your acquirements. The first of my little figures wears a thick frieze, or any woolly dark blue or grey cloth you like to choose. This is simply trimmed with a binding of astrachan cloth, which makes a pretty finish to the cuffs, and revers of seal plush, as well as all round the lower edge of the jacket and up the front. It is fastened across with black frogs, or brandebourgs as they are generally called. The other one is rather simpler, and should be made of medium shade (not a light one), of box cloth. The first might be worn by any girl from eleven years old up to fifteen; this one is suitable to a girl from seven to eleven. It is trimmed with plain cuffs and revers of astrachan cloth, the same material making an edging down the front, which is also fastened by brandebourgs.

* * *

New fur collarettes are funny little things, not altogether pretty I must admit, but doubtless very comfortable for those who like to wear fur round the throat. If of sable or ermine, the head of the little creature is left on, and stuffed, with its wicked-looking glass eyes sparkling at everyone from under the chin of the wearer. The paws, are also left on, to make it, if possible, more realistic. The hat worn with these is often adorned with another little animal of the same kind as that round the neck, only rather differently arranged. There is another variety also of sable—or of course it may be made of many a cheaper fur—with a high collar, and a fringe of tails. This may be of mink, grey squirrel, or the fur of any animal that boasts of a similar tail. The fashion of whole sleeves of fur to the winter jackets of grown up people is

again seen, but I do not think it a pretty one, though doubtless it is very comfortable when accompanied by a fur collar, otherwise it rather looks as if the wearer had turned her fur-lined sleeves inside out. Boas are still to be worn this winter, but they will be much shorter than heretofore—a decided advantage, as one is tired of seeing careless people stupidly letting one end drag in the mud whilst the other would be high up round the neck.

* * *

The love of mystery it would appear is not confined to conjurors, spiritualists, and such like. I am delighted to see that in Austria so much notice has been taken of the very illegible manner in which medical men write their prescriptions that the Minister of the Interior has made a law obliging them to write clearly. Do you ever look at the prescriptions given you by doctors? I wonder in how many cases you find you can read them even if you can understand a little about the usual drugs that are prescribed for poor human flesh. Why the ordinary medico and sawbones should thus positively add insult to what is so often injury, by rendering the list of abominations they give one well nigh illegible, is, as poor Lord Dundreary would have said, "What no fellah can find out!" They probably receive many a blessing—couched in other language—from the unfortunate apothecaries who have to decipher their hieroglyphics. I also never could discover why medical men have such a strongly rooted objection to their patients knowing what they give them. Yet you will find many a doctor say—in the same way as certain dressmakers do, who do not like you to exercise your own taste—"Oh, leave that to me!" Possibly it is because you should not know what you are taking that they write so illegibly, and abbreviate names of the medicines till there is barely an initial letter left. Is this not mystery of the finest water? Another thing in which I should like to see a reform is the writing the prescription in Latin. There is no reason for it, except the recipient is going abroad, when, as all chemists learn the Latin names of medicines, they could be made up anywhere on the Continent, or America, Latin being a *lingua franca* to pharmacutists of all nations. Why should not the ordinary prescription, written for the ordinary stay-at-home person, be worded in the ordinary language ordinarily used by that nation, instead of atrociously bad Latin, as too often is the case? Then there would be no object in mystifying a patient, and everyone would learn what they required, and what they were taking, and we should not meet with that lamentable ignorance of the use and value of common serviceable drugs which it is to be regretted is now so prevalent. Thus many a sudden illness might be averted, and fatal mistakes in giving wrong or unsuitable physic rendered less probable. It is wonderfully rarely that a druggist makes a mistake in the mixing of a prescription, but how can he be blamed when he receives a frightful scrawl, which I have known the doctor even unable to read himself. There certainly ought to be in England, as in Austria, some very stringent legislation about the caligraphy of medical men. No young man can secure a clerkship unless he writes a decent hand, and why should a doctor be exempted and allowed to hand in a scribble that would disgrace a schoolboy, when people's lives often depend upon what he has written?

* * *

Long veils are, I hear, to be amongst the novelties of our winter season—but I must say I hope not. After all, they would not be a novelty, but a very old fashion revived, for our grandmothers wore long veils, and dreadfully inconvenient and unbecoming they were. Much as the close veil that merely reached the chin has been abused, the 'fall that falls' nearly to the waist will be too hideous, and one of the special uses of a veil will be quite impossible—namely to keep the hair tidy, for the very fulness of it will cause it rather to ruffle the so-called fringe. Lace, of course, will be the foremost material, and those elderly ladies who still have some of these treasures laid away in dainty coverings of tissue paper, may now bring them forth in triumph, as they will be quite fashion-

able. I saw a very aristocratic little lady the other day wearing one of the Russian nets, dotted over with knots of black chenille. These kind of veils are often shaped to the round of the face. There are numbers of pretty tulles, nets and gauzes of all descriptions including what is called "invisible" tulle.

* * *

The acoustic fan is a novelty of which I am reminded by the request of a correspondent a week or so ago for something to assist her hearing. I then recommended the audiphone, not having heard of anything better. Now, however, from Paris comes the news of a fan, so arranged as to prove a very efficient means of concentrating and conveying sound to the ear. It consists of one of the ordinary Japanese fans, those with sticks of bamboo. This is split in two, and re-covered with paper. In order to hear better, the fan is opened, its outer edge held against the face, with the handle towards the front of the face. Thus it acts as a trumpet-shaped receptacle to conduct sound to the ear, or, I suppose, as a kind of miniature sounding board, against which the sound strikes and reverberates into the ear. I confess I am not quite clear how this is accomplished, but I see that the stiff extension of the sticks of the fan is very much insisted upon. By way of showing its efficiency it is said that the ladies who use it are quite surprised at the effect, which is as great as if they were using an audiphone or a dentaphone. In any case it is a more elegant contrivance, and if it is really as effectual as it pretends to be will be gladly welcomed by those so sadly afflicted with deafness.

* * *

To preserve pears for winter use, I have found far more useful than merely knowing how to stew them in the usual way. I suppose, up in the North, that you also have the very hard, large green pears that we have here, and call stone pears. If so, I can commend the following way of doing them to your notice as most delicious and useful. Make a little muslin bag, and put into it an ounce-and-a-half of cloves, and half-an-ounce of cochineal, both powdered fine. Tie it up and lay it in two quarts of water with two-and-a-half pounds of lump sugar, and the rind and juice of four good lemons. Boil it well. Whilst it is boiling, peel two dozen large pears thinly, cut each in half throwing them into water as you do them to prevent them turning black, and, by the way, be sure to peel them with a silver, not a steel knife. When finished take each half out and dry it with a soft cloth, dropping them very gently into the syrup. Then boil them till soft enough to prick with a straw, skimming them and frequently turning them. Turn them carefully into an earthenware pan and leave them for four or five days. Then pour off the syrup, add two pounds more sugar to it, and boil it again, skimming it carefully. Then take out the bag of spice and lay the pears gently into the syrup with a wooden or silver spoon. Let them warm thoroughly for about six minutes, then put them away in wide-mouthed glass jars with the syrup over them. Tie down with bladders. The essence of cochineal will serve the same purpose as the little insects, but you require to put in more of it.

Canada Leads the World.

It is certainly curious and, perhaps, a little alarming to be told that the douce Ayrshire folk, panting to become adepts in cheese making, but unable to find a capable scientific instructor in North Britain or among the Southern pock-puddings, had actually sent to Canada for a cheese-master. What had been the result? It was said that before the scientific system of Canadian cheese-making had been adopted, the Scotch dairy-farmers had got within a shilling of each other in the prices which their cheeses fetched at market; but, after sitting for a while at the feet of the magician from the Dominion of Canada, the Ayrshire cheeses realized fifteen shillings per hundred weight more.—*London Daily Telegraph*.



THE season's bowling started in Ottawa on Thanksgiving day. It is the first of the series of the Canadian Bowling Association's matches and the teams were from the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association and the Ottawa Amateur Athletic Club. The subjoined score tells the story:—

M. A. A. A.			
A. G. Higginson.....	448	T. L. Paton.....	570
D. C. S. Millar.....	422	F. Gardiner.....	385
J. Gordon.....	395	A. G. Gardiner.....	589
Total.....	2,809		

O. A. A. C.			
W. J. Johnson.....	466	J. B. Watson.....	566
A. P. Sherwood.....	548	L. Duplessis.....	413
W. P. Lett, jr.....	517	H. Morrison.....	527
Total.....	3,037		

Majority for Ottawa..... 228

* * *

The football season is over and it has been a brilliant one, more interest being taken in the outcome of the different matches than has been the case for many years, both in Ontario and Quebec, but more particularly in the latter district. In Ontario the campaign was a most exciting one, and the acknowledged leaders were Osgoode Hall and Toronto Varsity. These two teams ran neck and neck in the race for the Ontario championship, when they first met the score finally showing a tie at 10 points each. When the tie was played off, on the 9th inst., Osgoode Hall had secured the championship with a score of 18 points against 2. The coveted honour being thus secured by the Hall, negotiations were immediately opened between the Montrealers and the Osgoode Hall team, which led to considerable misunderstanding and not a little bad feeling. (Ottawa College played in Montreal on the 7th inst., under the distinct understanding that Montreal would give them a return match on Thanksgiving day. But, being anxious to play for the Dominion championship, they wished to cancel their match with the Ottawa College boys. This aroused a storm of indignation in the Ottawa papers, and the Montrealers kept their first engagement and risked the chance of having an opportunity to play for the championship. Then it was decided that Osgoode Hall would come to Montreal on Saturday last, but this was hardly fair on the Quebec champions, after playing such a tremendously hard match on Thursday. Men can't play Rugby football of the style played at Ottawa every day in the week. The Osgoode Hall people telegraphed back that they were satisfied with the explanation made, and the champions will meet on Saturday. To avoid any difficulties of the above kind in future, it would be well at the next meetings of both unions—at which, I believe, joint committees are to report on very important matters regarding the constitution and playing rules—to have it made definite that the champion teams of both unions should be obliged to play within seven days of the respective deciding provincial championship matches. This annual championship match might be played alternately in Ontario or Quebec; or, perhaps, a better scheme would be to have them played on the grounds of the team at the time holding the championship, as at present is done under the challenge system in the Province of Quebec.

* * *

Last week considerable space was devoted to the Montreal-Ottawa College match. At that time the only idea that could be formed of the respective merits of the play was from the one match witnessed, in which Montreal markedly outplayed their visitors. But on Thanksgiving day there was a wonderful change and as much difference between the style of play as there is between day and night. The college men had learned a wrinkle or two in their previous match and they were not slow to adopt them. That is the spirit to play football in, and the college boys showed remarkable adaptive, or absorptive powers. The result was that the Montrealers were somewhat surprised at being met with their own tactics. The teams were more evenly matched than perhaps any two in Canada, and they played decidedly the best and hardest Rugby of the season. There was no miffing, no chances escaped that could not be easily excused. The scrimmage lines were like stone walls;

the back divisions were perfect; the wings were like lightning: but the Ottawa wings seemed made of some material even a little faster than the forked illuminator. It was a grand match from beginning to end, with only one unsatisfactory thing about it and that was the official score, which made the match a tie. A tie is always unsatisfactory, except to a side which recognizes its weakness and feels thankful it is not beaten. In the present case the decision was thoroughly unsatisfactory to both sides. It is particularly hard on the college, for the simple reason that a win and a draw score more than a draw and a loss. There were two crucial points on which the decision of the referee differed with about everyone else's on the field, a change in either of which would have settled the match. At one point Ottawa was only allowed one point for a rouge, which certainly appeared to have been a safety. That would have given Ottawa nine points at the call of time. The other case was when Campbell made a touch down as cleanly as could be, but was not allowed. This deprived Montreal of at least four points, most likely six, for the kick would have been an easy one. Bad decisions in both these cases left the match a tie, with the Montreal team the sufferer numerically.

* * *

The teams lined up as under:—

Montreal goal.			
Miller,			
J. Campbell,	Fry,	Claxton,	
Fairbanks,			
Jamieson, Reford,	Black,	Bell, Louison,	
Baird, James,	Higginson,	R. Campbell, Fry,	
(wings.)		(wings.)	
O			
McDougall, Newman,	Trudeau,	McCarthy, Vincent,	
Murphy, Meaher,	Charon,	Guillet, Tetrault,	
(wings.)		(wings.)	
Troy,			
Clarke,	Plunkett,	Cornier,	
Belanger,			
Ottawa goal.			
Referee—Dr. Elder.			

Both teams started in with a rush, and they had not been more than five minutes engaged in this particular business when they both discovered they were surprising each other, and metaphorically stood off for a minute or two to size each other up. Ottawa was forced to rouge, but immediately scored a try after a rattling dribbling rush that woke up Montreal. In fact, both sides were so woke up, so to speak, that if the armour of our forefathers was not a little cumbersome it would have been exceedingly useful that day. A substitute replaced Claxton in the early stages, and a few minutes later Fairbanks and Vincent did a little football with their hands and were ruled off. Plunkett, who was playing a rattling, plucky game, was the next to get into trouble. He forgot he was not running the whole game, however, and for his absent-mindedness he stayed in the vicinity of the fence for some time. But the College had a lead of four to one and they went in with a rush, forcing Miller to rouge and making their mark five to one. Then began a slower, steadier struggle, in which the Montreal scrimmage seemed staggered a little, but they stayed there. If the College could have broken through the line this time and dribbled, Montreal would have been defeated; but the home team did not, and the ball was heeled out, the next man to handle it being Campbell. A well followed up punt resulted in a touch down, and the score stood five all. In the second half, according to the decision of the referee, both sides added three points to their score. The play in the second half, taking a general view, was a shade in favour of the College, that is, if Montreal's touch down and the College's safety are left out of the calculations.

* * *

Thanksgiving day was a great day in Ottawa for football, and all the games were more or less patronized. In the forenoon the Metropolitan grounds were crowded to see Ottawa City and Britannia second fifteens play. The Ottawa City club were not in it at all from the start, and the match all through was a little slow and tedious. Neither side seemed to be in anything like shape, and the number of muffs was simply amazing. The Britannias won by 20 points to 6. That number "6" seemed to be an unlucky number for the Ottawa Citizens, for their first team just totalled up the same number in the match with the premier

fifteen of the Britannia club, while the latter put on 14. The Ottawa club, however, had learned experience in the first half of the match and played a splendid staying game in the second.

* * *

In order of sequence the next most important football event is the match between Toronto Varsity and McGill. Such great things had been written in the Western papers about the tremendous playing power of both Varsity and Osgoode Hall, that our more modest collegian punters in Montreal thought they had no chance in the world to win, and they went on the field pretty well out of condition and more than a quarter beaten. In the first rush it gradually dawned on the McGillites that their opponents were not invulnerable; in the next rush it became very palpable that they were very vulnerable indeed, and as soon as McGill had found this out they proceeded to do with their Toronto fellows much as they pleased. Even then the game was slow and most uninteresting. Half a dozen times the ball was sent through the McGill line, but the follow up was so slow that even the half-backs, who were by no means quick or accurate, got down in time to obviate any danger. There was no sort of combined effort visible in the play; it was loose and ragged; the Varsity wings did not seem to understand their mission on earth, and they usually showed up just about the time when it was too late to tackle anything but the atmosphere. In the first half Varsity essayed a little dribbling, but they were so weak in this particular branch that when half time was called they had a nice round cipher to their credit, while McGill had tallied 6 points, made up of two rouges and a touch down without the privilege of a kick. The opening of the second half saw a series of scrims, resulting in McQuarrie being forced to rouge—7-10. A few minutes after, notwithstanding that the Varsity backs were playing a more open and better game and doing some punting, the better work of the McGill wings told and another rouge was necessary—8-0. Some neat miffing by three McGill men resulted in only securing a rouge when it should have been a touch-down—9-0. Then the Torontos began to look as if they did not intend to be altogether whitewashed. A scrimmage on the McGill line resulted in Bunting sending the oval across, and Donahue rouged—9-1. The next point scored was a try for McGill, which was not converted into a goal. Score—13-1. Then Varsity made the best play of the day. It was a rush clear through the College line, and the leather was bounding in front of them. Clayes got the try and Parkyn made a goal of it, bringing the score up 6 points, making the totals read—McGill, 13; Varsity, 7. Had the Varsity played during the whole game as they did in the last quarter of an hour the result would have been different. Following were the teams engaged:—

McGill goal.			
Donahue,			
Mathieson,	Vincent,	Smart,	
Jacques,			
Walsh, Primrose,	Yates,	Hamilton, King,	
McDougall, Whyte,	Guthrie,	McFarlane, Taylor,	
(wings.)		(wings.)	
O			
Clayes, McCrae,	McMillan,	Lash, Laidlaw,	
Cross, Clark,	Bain,	N. Lash, Moss,	
(wings.)		(wings.)	
Parker,			
Bunting,	Wood,	Parkyn,	
McQuarrie,			
Varsity goal.			

* * *

The Lake Ontario Yachting Association at the annual meeting elected the following officers:—President, Mr. M. Cartwright, Rochester Yacht Club; vice-president, Mr. W. H. Biggar; secretary-treasurer, Geo. E. Evans, Royal Canadian Y. C.; executive committee, W. B. Phelps, jr., Oswego; J. C. Allan, Queen City club; J. F. Monk, Hamilton club. Next year the Queen's cup will be raced for by the 30-foot class. The following schedule for the season was adopted:—Belleville, July 15; Oswego, July 18; Rochester, July 21; Hamilton, July 25; Toronto, July 27 and 28. Rochester was selected as the place for holding the next annual meeting of the association.

R.O.X.

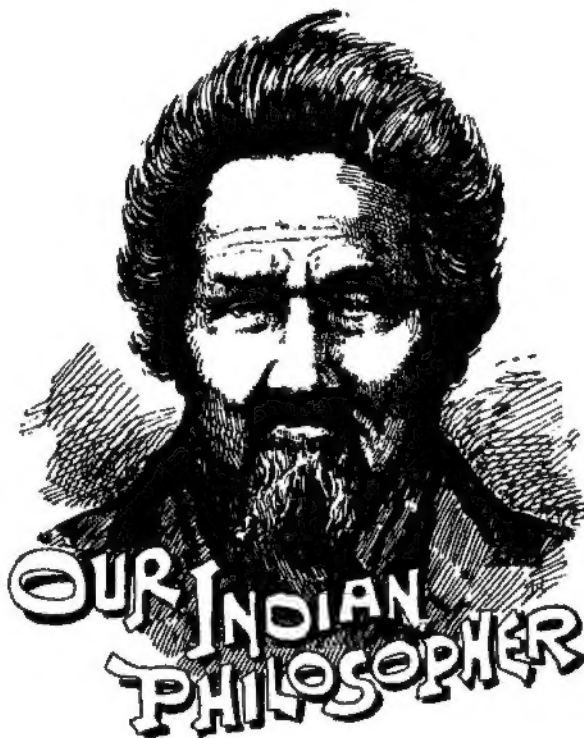
Our Biographical Column.

The Hon. Turpin Tollgate.

To estimate the influence of the Hon. Turpin Tollgate upon Canadian political affairs would severely tax the calculating powers of a trained mathematician. For it must run well up into the millions by this time. It was into the hundreds of thousands in Quebec province alone some time ago, and the Hon. Mr. Tollgate does not confine his operations to any one province. He is truly cosmopolitan; and, though just now he may appear to be concentrating his energies in the region of the St. Lawrence, those well acquainted with his marvellous ability and versatility are fully aware that he is at the same time a power behind the throne in other provinces and in other countries. So highly have his talents come to be regarded that scarcely any great enterprise can be successfully launched without his active aid. It is said that every man has his price. This is true of the Hon. Mr. Tollgate, but not in the vulgar sense generally implied in this remark. If he accept a hundred thousand dollars in consideration of some great service, it is not to gratify a mean or grasping nature, but that he may in turn give his aid to the deserving poor. And his judgment in such cases is so distinctly infallible that he always places the money where it will do the most good. That is why he is so fearlessly entrusted by all governments with the distribution of large sums. Many a deserving but unfortunate gentleman has been saved from the disgrace of having his paper protested, by the kindness of the Hon. Turpin Tollgate in taking up the note; for he, like his progenitor, the immortal Dick Turpin, is always ready to divide with the poor the proceeds of his daily or nightly labours. So that whenever it becomes known that the Hon. Turpin is on the track of another gold mine, not only does the government suspend the mining laws in his favour, but hosts of persons flock around him with a lively sense of gratitude for anticipated favours. Some philosophers have been endeavouring to estimate the probable results of a sudden withdrawal of the Hon. Mr. Tollgate from active participation in public affairs. Such a calamity, it is sincerely to be hoped, is not at hand. To the average mind it is difficult to see how we should get along at all. Our governmental machinery would be so utterly unhinged that a general stagnation would inevitably follow. Lawyers would drop out of politics, a lot of newspapers would have to suspend publication, hosts of contractors would be forced to emigrate, and shrewdness would cease to be a necessary qualification for the members of a government. We would descend to a state of utter simplicity such as might befit a patriarchal age, but that would be sadly out of harmony with present conditions of life. Let us hope that the Hon. Turpin will long be spared to befriend the impecunious, and by the effulgence of his glory to frame in a golden aureole the high places of Quebec province and the world at large, attracting alike the noble and the commoner, the titled Count of Tourouvre and plain Mr. Whelan. We regret exceedingly that we are unable this week to reproduce the portrait of the Hon. Turpin Tollgate. Such was our intention, but the correspondent of the *Police Gazette* was ahead of us and secured the only photograph available.

The Night Newspaper Man.

When the feline operatta
On the backyard fence has ceased,
And the barcarolle fal-etto
Of the canine is increased;
While the milkman on his rounds
Fills the morn with merry clatter,
And the neighbourhood rejoins
With his musical can-tata;
While the factory whistles shriek,
And the opening shutters creak,
And the cook within the kitchen 'mongst the dishes makes
A splatter,
Then I lie me to my bed,
Draw the covers o'er my head,
And in nasalized nocturn I perform my own sonata.
—*New York Herald.*



The Sagamore

The venerable Milicete was mending a snowshoe when the reporter pulled aside the blanket and entered the wigwam.

"Of course," quoth the visitor, "you saw the eclipse of the moon the other night?"

"Ah-hah."

"Most extraordinary, wasn't it? Now, I suppose the savage mind would regard that darkening of the moon as an evidence of displeasure on the part of the Great Spirit, eh?"

"Mebbe," rejoined the Sagamore. "Ain't any savages round here far's I know. You seen any?"

"Oh, no. But I thought you'd know how a savage would feel about it."

"I don't," tersely replied the old man.

"I suppose you know all about the eclipse, yourself?" queried the reporter.

"Ah-hah."

"And I suppose you don't mind explaining it to me," continued the reporter.

"What makes me do that?"

"First and chiefly," replied the reporter, "because I want to know."

"Won't take me long to tell," said the old man.

"The quicker the better. Let's hear it."

"Well," said Mr. Paul, "I s'pose you know 'bout that man in the moon."

"What about him?"

"I didn't say anything 'bout him yit. You know he's there?"

"Oh, yes," cheerfully assented the reporter. "Of course I know that. Any fool knows that."

"Well," pursued the Sagamore, "you know he's long ways from here."

"Not so very far. I heard a man say the other day they had telescopes now that would bring the moon within eighty miles of the earth. That isn't far."

"If you think he's so close," observed the old man, "s'pose you go over and ask him what makes that eclipse. What's use you come here to bother me?"

"You've got me there, old man. Even if he moved down forty or fifty miles closer I still couldn't get within ear-shot."

"That's what I said," rejoined the Sagamore. "He's long ways way from here—that man in the moon. It takes news good while to go from here to him."

"Well?" said the reporter.

"Well," echoed the Sagamore, "he jist heard 'bout it that night."

"Heard about what?"

"Them revelations in Quebec and Ottaway."

"What if he did hear about them?" scoffed the reporter. "What has that to do with the eclipse?"

"Ain't he honest man?" demanded the sagamore. "I'm not so sure of that. He's under a cloud very often."

The sagamore paused long enough in his remarks to break the snowshoe he had been mending all to pieces over his facetious visitor's head. Then he resumed.

"That man in the moon—he's honest Injun. He can't bear to hear 'bout people bein' thieves. He's jist like them editors in this country. When he heard 'bout them revelations at Quebec and Ottaway it made him heap sick."

"And his countenance," supplemented the reporter, "was suffused with gloom thereby—is that it?"

"That's it," replied the old man. "That's what made him look so bad."

"My brother," said the reporter, "you may not be a great astronomer, but your theory of the eclipse certainly entitles you to some consideration. I won't say that it's the correct one until I have read some of my favourite Grit and Tory papers on the subject, but I rather think some of them will agree with you—and some of the preachers too. We may be on the verge of a most remarkable discovery in lunar science."

"What I said," affirmed the Sagamore, gravely—"that's the truth."

What Was in His Coffee.

"Now, sir, I hope we shall have no difficulty in getting you to speak up," said the barrister, in a very loud, commanding voice.

"I hope not, sir," shouted the witness at the top of his lungs.

"How dare you speak to me in that way?" cried the lawyer.

"Because I can't speak no louder, sir," said the hostler.

"Have you been drinking?"

"Yes, sir."

"I should infer so from your conduct. What have you been drinking?"

"Coffee," hoarsely vociferated the knight of the stable.

"Something stronger than coffee, sir, you've been drinking. Don't look at me like that, sir!" furiously, "Look at the jury, sir! Did you have something in your coffee, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was it?"

"Sugar."

"This man is no fool, my lord—he is worse!" stormed the counsel.

"Now, sir," turning to the witness, "look at me. What besides sugar did you take in your coffee this morning?"

The hostler collected his forces, drew a deep breath, and, in a voice that could have been heard half a mile away, bellowed out;

"A spune! A spune, an' nothing else!"—*London Tit-Bits.*

A Sad Mistake.

"Buck'e my shoe, Egbert," said a Chicago belle to her near-sighted fiance.

Egbert went down on his knee like a true knight, but as he had lost his eyeglass his vision was a little uncertain.

"Is this your foot, darling?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"Aw, pawdon—I—thought it was the lounge." Egbert is now disengaged.—*Texas Siftings.*

French Politeness.

A FRENCHMAN'S gallantry to ladies is said to be always equal to an emergency. At a party, a gentleman of the Gallic race stepped heavily upon the toe of a lady, who looked up with an angry frown.

"Pardon, madame," he said, bowing low, "but I have forgot to bring my microscope."

"Your microscope?"

"But yes; for to see ze leetle feet of madame!"